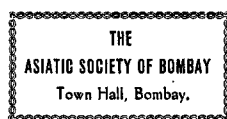




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REAT MASTERS



1400—1800

REPRODUCTIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

FROM

THE FINEST WORKS OF THE MOST FAMOUS
PAINTERS DOWN TO THE YEAR 1800

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND DESCRIPTIVE TEXT

BY

SIR MARTIN CONWAY

SLADE PROFESSOR OF ART, CAMBRIDGE

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INTRODUCTION.



It is often asserted that Science is the enemy of Art, but broad statements of this kind are easily assailed. Every age of the world's history has had its own style of Art, and each new stage of human development, if it is to produce an Art of its own, can but do so at the price of supplanting the style that has gone before. The present is pre-eminently the age of Science, and as Science has revolutionised our mode of life and changed our ideals, so it has also changed, or is changing, the popular taste and style in Art. In this sense Science has killed the kind of Art that was in vogue in the 18th century, and the kind of works then produced are impossible of production now. Reynolds and Gainsborough could not now exist; the present generation could not produce just such artists as those, though it can produce artists whose works may not impossibly take equally high rank with theirs in the future.

But Science is not an ungenerous foe to bygone styles of Art. It gives back with one hand what it has taken away with the other. It is due to the ease of communications, rendered possible by Science, that people of our day can travel with rapidity. A consequence of that travel is the wide knowledge of different countries so general amongst modern folks. Hence has arisen familiarity with scattered works of Art of all ages; hence the gathering of them into museums; hence, too, the study of Art history. Moreover, Science is the parent of Photography in all its branches and developments. Photography has enabled works of Art to be reproduced with extraordinary fidelity and cheapness. It is

claimed for the fine series of reproductions herewith offered to lovers of Art, that never has any such work been attempted, not merely at the price, but at any price. It has been the publisher's aim to apply the highest quality of reproductive work that can be attained to a selection of the finest works of painting which are suitable for reproduction by photogravure. Some very noble works of the archaic schools, such as pictures with gold backgrounds and archaic frescoes, do not lend themselves to reproduction without colour. But the great works of the full Renaissance and of the 17th and 18th centuries are eminently adapted to be translated into black and white.

We hope to bring a large series of such works within the reach of persons of the most moderate means. In making our selection we have decided to choose, as a general rule, fine examples from private collections or the less accessible public galleries rather than equally great works by the same artists, which have already been produced. This rule is not an absolute one. From time to time we shall publish old favourites, but, other things being equal, we shall endeavour to spread a knowledge of the fine examples of Great Masters which are not yet very well known by the mass of the European public.

In the complete work the owners will possess a thoroughly representative collection of pictures of all schools and periods of fine painting from the days of the full Renaissance down to the end of the 18th century.

For the permissions granted to us by private owners and public bodies we return our hearty thanks.

JAN STEEN.

THE ARTIST'S PORTRAIT

(EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION).



ERE behold the veritable aspect, at a characteristic moment, of that most joyous, irresistible, irresponsible of men—Jan Steen, brewer, publican, and immortal artist. A brave drinker, we gather him to have been, but his 500 remarkable pictures, solidly and masterly painted within the limits of 30 years, are proof that he was no habitual drunkard, passing days and nights under the fuddling dominion of drink. From his existing pictures we can calculate that on the average he must have painted not less than one in three weeks. If we had only them to judge by we might well conclude that his time was fully occupied and that little leisure can have remained to him for amusement. Yet, after the lying manner of literature in its relation to artists, almost all that is recorded of him is a series of tales of royal sprees and reckless jollities. Who that looks upon this his image can doubt the magnificence of his almost gargantuan festivity of nature? To that side of his character he assuredly gave play. What a crime it would have been if he had not! But if he did drink and frolic and jest in his ample fashion, he did not sacrifice his powers as an artist to his genius as a boon companion. His

wife was the daughter of one of his masters in painting—the great Jan Van Goyen. He tripped into marriage with her in the casual way he did everything. His father set them up with a brewery at Delft, which did not prove a prosperous venture. Then they tried keeping a tavern, where Jan was his own best customer. Meanwhile he painted the life that he saw around him, painted it magnificently, and sold his pictures for a small price. For one of his best paintings more money would probably be paid to-day than he earned by his brush in his whole career. When the tavern cellar was empty he took a picture over to the wine-dealer and exchanged it for liquor. Once he had sold a picture for some gold pieces, which the wife would gladly have laid hands on, but he went off and drank or lost them at play, and came laughing home. No man ever faced an angry wife more fearlessly. He was not well received, but with resistless mirth he soon obtained the mastery. Truly there was no doing anything with him. The flood of life flowed too strongly within him for anyone to rule, least of all himself. It takes all sorts of people to make a world. Let us be thankful for such as Jan Steen when they come—alas! too rarely.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MRS. CARNAC

(WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON).



HIS picture is not dated, but it was engraved by J. Raphael Smith in 1778, and probably had not long been painted at that time. It is one of Reynolds' finest full-length pictures of stately dames. Reynolds had a different way of designing and painting different sizes of pictures. His half-lengths, for instance, are more convincing portraits than his full-lengths. In the presence of this picture we feel that the individuality of the lady is by no means the artist's principal concern. The likeness takes second or even a lower place in the scale of his interests. It was otherwise when he was painting a half-length of Dr. Johnson or Baretta. Horace Walpole records that Reynolds' ladies were often but faintly like the originals. As pictures they may well be none the worse for that. Who cares now whether Mrs. Carnac really looked thus? We may feel sure that she was not wont to go rambling through woods in such gossamer garments. That fashionable coiffure was not intended for breezes to play with or leafage to caress. The picture, in fact, is a pure fantasy of a lady in Society playing the nymph. So long as she was made to look pretty she was satisfied, and so long as the picture was a beautiful work of art the painter was satisfied, nor need we quarrel with either. It was only contemporaries who

did not recognise their friends that had a right of annoyance, and they are all hopelessly dead and silent. In referring to this work, Sir Walter Armstrong shrewdly remarks that it was painted about the time when Reynolds delivered his Fourth Discourse, and that the picture, with its dappled lights, is in flagrant violation of one of the chief dicta of the Discourse, where Reynolds lays it down that the lights and shadows should be in broad masses. It is not the first time that an artist has shown a truer instinct in his art than in his sayings about art. For here the painter is triumphantly right, needing neither explanation nor excuse. How much of both written statements often require! Yet Sir Joshua might reply that for all the dappling of the light falling through the foliage upon the lady's dress and the glimpses of bright clouds seen through the trees behind, he has yet obtained and aimed to obtain an effect of breadth, a general massing and balance of light against shadow, which the minor shades do not avail to upset. Such considerations are entertaining to discuss, yet in reality they serve neither as guides to the artist nor tests for an art-lover. There is no rule that cannot be overridden by genius, and few principles that cannot be illustrated by contradiction.



SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

WILLIAM II., PRINCE OF ORANGE-NASSAU.

(HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG).



WILLIAM II., Prince of Orange-Nassau, was the son of Frederick Henry and Amelia de Solms, and the grandson of the great William the Silent. He was born in 1626 and died in 1650. One of William the Silent's grandsons, Frederick V., Elector Palatine, married Elizabeth Stuart, sister of Charles I.; whilst this William II., Frederick V.'s first cousin, married Mary Stuart (the portraits of both, by Van Dyck, are in the Amsterdam Gallery), one of Charles I.'s daughters, and became the father of William III. of England. In this most fascinating picture the lad appears before us in all the rich charm of perfect boyhood, endowed, perhaps, as Van Dyck could hardly help endowing any subject that pleased him, with a distinction of bearing, a refinement of aspect, a nobility of pose rare, even improbable, in a child but twelve years old. The portrait must have been painted in England, in or about the year 1638, when the boy was on a visit to the English royal family, sent over, we may guess, with a view to future matrimonial arrangements, as yet far beyond the purview of his own dreams and aspirations. Who does not recall the delightful pictures of the children of the ill-fated Charles where-with Van Dyck enriched the catalogue of things beautiful that still endure? How well this aristocratic youngster seems adapted for a place in such company; how suitably dressed, too, to play the childish gallant to those dainty maidens.

Who, we wonder, designed that elegant sleeve, which every lady beholding it thinks she will presently have copied? What an admirable idea it was to fit a breast-plate on to the little fellow, that the glint of it should contrast with the softness of his delicate linen. It is all Van Dyck at his best, Van Dyck at his most distinguished. Who else could have seen the child like this—save once Sir Joshua, as we shall hereafter find, and then only because Van Dyck had shown him how. Note that, for all the fineness and superb quality of the attire, and in spite of the perfection of the pose, the head of the child yet triumphs over the rest of the picture, and remains the supreme interest—the head with its sweet face, its noble brow, its glorious frame and complement of hair. As for the landscape, that is so much wall-paper, mere decorative background, carried only far enough for its subordinate purpose and no farther—a hint of rock and trees and a flush of colour in the sky, but no details to draw away the attention of the spectator from what he was intended to look at, the aspect of the child he is destined to remember. For this is a picture it is hard to forget. Once seen it becomes a possession of the beholder. He takes it away with him abiding in his memory, a joy for ever. It was painted in the last five years of Van Dyck's life, and is one of the relatively few pictures of that period into which he threw the whole wealth of his powers at their full maturity.



JAN HACKAERT.

THE ASH-TREE AVENUE

(RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM).



HE painter of this picture is not an artist who enjoys a great popular reputation, even in these days when "every schoolboy" knows so much. Yet he was an unusually able landscape painter, as the work now before us proves. He belonged to the great group of Amsterdam painters of the 17th century (b. 1636, ob. 1699), and he is known to have travelled and sketched in Germany and Switzerland. Like other landscape-men of his day, he preferred not to venture on figures, and generally painted such pictures as this one in conjunction with another artist. Here his colleague was Adrian van de Velde, who painted the men and animals. So well pleased were the two at the result that they painted several more pictures of the same type, but this example is the best and the best known. I have been told that the scene is laid in the wood in the Hague, surrounding the Huis ten Bosch, a royal

villa erected in 1647, a few years before this picture was painted. The line of trees, the canal, and the wall fit the site well enough, but such scenes can be found all over Holland. The subject is one that Ruijsdael or Hobbema might have chosen, but would have rendered differently. They would have made the foliage more massive, the trunks less aspiring. Hackaert felt a particular charm in the lightness of the leaves and the permeation of the grove by glowing air. For him the whole scene was penetrated and transfigured by light. He always loved to paint that effect. Even if he be depicting a rocky landscape he pours golden light across it when he can. Never, I believe, did he attain a greater measure of success with his favourite theme than in this work, which fortunately lends itself as well as could be wished to reproduction in black-and-white.





THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

MRS. ROBINSON

(WALLACE COLLECTION).



HE beautiful lady here so attractively painted by Gainsborough, is likewise known to us from at least two different and almost contemporary portraits of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Indeed, in the year 1782, she sat so frequently to Sir Joshua that, it is argued, he must have employed her as model for some of his fancy pictures. She was also painted by Hoppner, Zoffany, Cosway, Dance, and other minor artists. Nor is it to be wondered at that painters should thus have crowded to portray her, for, besides being a famous beauty, she was an eminently picturable person, and probably loved to see her aspect immortalised. "Beautiful, vain, and ostentatious" is her latest biographer's verdict on her character, in the Dictionary of National Biography. But she was something more than that, for she certainly possessed brains. Her short life (1758-1800) was an eventful one. She started as a precocious child, with every disadvantage, for her mother was deserted for a long time by her whaling-skipper husband, and was hard pressed to educate the girl. A drunken Chelsea schoolmistress taught her to write verses, and she had some early success in that line. Then Garrick patronised her, and was for bringing her out as Cordelia to his Lear, but marriage intervened, and two years of social excitement, terminating in the debtors' prison,

whither she accompanied her husband. She wrote more verses there, and gave birth to a child. Ultimately, at the age of eighteen, she went on the stage. Two years later she created enthusiasm in the part of "Perdita" in the "Winter's Tale," and attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, who formally made her his mistress. The connection did not last, and the bond he gave her was never paid; but Fox presently recommended her for a pension of £500 a year, in the light-hearted fashion of those days. At Paris she received notice from Marie-Antoinette, and she had a variety of adventures in London, about which anyone can read in her Autobiography. Paralysis of her limbs terminated these gaieties, and caused her to devote her attention to literature. She published a number of poems, plays, and tales, which modern critics find "jejune, affected, and inept," but which were good enough for current purposes. In the portrait before us we behold her in the heyday of her beauty and success. She was short-sighted, and her eyes seem to show that no clear vision is before them. Evidently, however, she is a woman made to be looked at, rather than to look. The picture is among the most attractive ever painted by Gainsborough, and finds a worthy place in the splendid Gallery of which it forms one of the fairest treasures.



FRANS HALS.

THE MAN WITH A GUITAR

(EARL HOWE'S COLLECTION).



ACCORDING to such accounts as we possess, Frans Hals was the reckless kind of fellow that his most characteristic pictures suggest. We know nothing about his first wife, but guess that she may have been an ordinary and correct kind of woman. At any rate the pair lived unhappily together. She called him a man of drunken habits and violent conduct, and said that he ill-treated her. Public opinion and the police magistrates were on her side. His second wife was by no means a proper person, but she and Frans "hit it off" and lived happily together for fifty years. Perhaps they got drunk together now and again, on joyous occasions when they had sold a picture well. At any rate they shared an old age of poverty, debt, and tolerable content in true Bohemian style. Unlike Rembrandt, Hals was an altogether companionable person, beloved by his fellow artists, who gathered about him in their reckless way, sharing golden hours of sympathetic converse in which art and ribald merriment were mingled in a way incomprehensible by Philistines of every age. The drink and jollity of Frans' great days fill a large space in the written accounts of him because they are matters that lend themselves to smart writing; but the sixty-six years of the master's life were not mainly filled with drink and jollity, but with very hard work, not nearly so easy of smart description, nor likely to be recorded in the police-court registers. Solid work was the foundation fact and main

occupation of Hals' life, as it must have been in the life of a man who left behind him so multitudinous an artistic creation. The fire within him that flamed up in frolics and riot came from the hot furnace that drove his large humanity through and far beyond the crowd. Thus in early days he toiled exceedingly over every detail of his pictures in the style of his masters and contemporaries. Then, when he won ever increasing freedom of hand, and could do what he pleased at swiftest pace, the track of his brush manifested more and more clearly the dash that was in him. Moreover he saw with the same vividness. There is a notable energy in the way he grasps, all at once and altogether, the personality of his subject. He sees the whole man at a glance—hands, face, expression, gestures, posture. The tweak of an eyebrow and the twist of a sash on the same man will be akin. In the portrait of this guitar-player note how the character that is in the hands belongs to or matches the character that is in the face, and how the man who looked like that would not only be likely to dress just so, but would wear his clothes just so, and hold his guitar so—how all parts belong together and are the outcome of a single view or visual grasp of a single personality. You may not like the character of the painter, but you must put up with it and be thankful if you like the picture, for had his character been other than it was he could not have painted thus.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

PORTRAIT OF SASKIA VAN UYLENBORCH

(CASSEL GALLERY).



T is a pathetic fact, worth remembering by those who delight in the best works of 17th-century Dutch artists, that the most eminent of those men suffered the pinch of poverty. Van Goyen, Frans Hals, Jacob van Ruijsdael, Hobbema, Jan Steen, Pieter de Hooch, Vermeer of Delft, and Rembrandt, all became either bankrupt or very poor. But Rembrandt, at any rate, had his bright days, when prosperity smiled on him and Providence seemed kind. These best days were in the years 1632 to 1634. He was the fashionable portrait painter of Holland then. Commissions poured in upon him. He received what for the day were good prices for his work. He was admired and held in at least as high honour as any other first-rate craftsman. Then it was that he bought beautiful things and made his famous collection of busts, paintings, prints, fine stuffs, rich attire, and even precious jewels and choice examples of goldsmith's work. Then, too, he acquired what was better than all these—a sweet, pretty, and loving wife, Saskia van Uylenborch. Their married life was short, but it was entirely happy. Rembrandt was a home-loving man. He went little into company. Home and work were his two absorbing interests. Saskia entirely fulfilled his ideal. From the day of their betrothal he sketched or

painted her portrait again and yet again in all kinds of attire and varieties of pose. The Cassel picture, probably painted in 1633, belongs to the betrothal period. It shows us the little Dutch maiden dressed out in a fine costume of Rembrandt's own designing, a costume altogether outside of the contemporary fashion. She looks maiden-like and proper, as an engaged young lady should. The sprig of rosemary in her hand is the emblem of betrothal. After the wedding her portraits are far more intimate. Rembrandt shows her at her toilette, decking herself in the jewels he lavished upon her, or he shows us himself triumphantly toasting her as she sits upon his knee in sweet content. Saskia laughing, Saskia dressing, Saskia going out—we behold her in all sorts of situations and on all kinds of occasions, always the same simple, kindly, and essentially good little woman; but in none of the portraits is she more attractively revealed than in this, which must be counted among the favourite pictures of the majority of lovers of old works of art. Of this picture Dr. Bode justly says that "we can scarcely point to another work over which Rembrandt has lingered so lovingly, in which the arrangement is so refined and the execution so rich and splendid. It is one of the most attractive, not only of his early pictures, but of all his works."



SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN

(LOUVRE, PARIS).



SOME knowing people now say that this sweet picture was not painted by Botticelli. Others as confidently ascribe it to him. The matter is not of importance, for assuredly Botticelli was the true begetter of it. The ideal is his, the design probably his; without him it could not have existed. If someone else actually handled the brush, it was the mind and imagination of Botticelli that animated him. The fascinating quality in this picture is that for which we admire Botticelli. Did he merely borrow it from the atmosphere of his day, and did the painter of this picture draw inspiration from the same source? Hardly. A style is the creation of a man, not of a society. No style was ever more individual than Botticelli's, none more constraining on those in his immediate entourage. If this picture was not painted by Botticelli himself, it came from another hand directed by a mind hypnotised by that master.

Till about half a century ago the reputation of the Italian pre-Raphaelite painters suffered eclipse. No one cared for their works, or remembered the names of any

except the few leaders. Rogers described their pictures as "interesting to artists." Largely in consequence of the Ruskinian movement, the day came when they were again admired. Amongst the first pictures to receive this renewal of homage was the work before us, whose position in the Louvre enabled it to be seen of many. Assuredly it is one of the best and most notable Florentine pictures of its time—a picture evidently painted by a genuinely religious man in an age which was still one of faith. The sweet sentiment of the group is obvious and needs no description. Nor is more than a word required to direct attention to the grace of the linear design, the excellence of the draperies (especially the headdress), and the beautiful way in which the roses are painted as only Botticelli and his friends knew how to paint them. Would that we could also reproduce the rich and harmonious colouring, without which no Florentine work of the fifteenth century can ever be complete, certainly not this picture, which glows like enamel or stained glass, rich as the windows of Chartres and no whit less perfectly combined.



DOMENICO GHIRLANDAJO.

PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNA DEGLI ALBIZI

(RUDOLF KANN COLLECTION, PARIS).



GIOVANNA DEGLI ALBIZI was the beautiful wife of Lorenzo de' Tornabuoni of a distinguished Florentine family. If Art could have painted her manner and her mind no picture on earth could have been more beautiful—such was the sentiment inscribed by the painter, doubtless with the help of some scholar of the day.

“Ars utinam mores animamque effingere posses
Pulchrior in terris nulla tabella foret.”

Domenico Ghirlandajo was born at Florence in 1449. He painted this picture in the fulness of his powers in 1488, the very year in which (on April 1st) the youthful Michelangelo was bound apprentice to him. It is possible that one of his earliest tasks was to grind the very colours used in this portrait. The Tornabuoni were Ghirlandajo's best patrons. A few years before, Giovanni Tornabuoni employed him to paint the choir of Santa Maria Novella in Florence with the famous series of frescoes which all the modern travelling world goes to see. They represent incidents in the legends of St. John Baptist and the Madonna, but in fact depict as it were *tableaux vivants* acted by members of leading Florentine families in the parts of personages in the sacred history. Amongst them Giovanna Degli Albizi finds place, a stately full-length figure in profile, moving to the left. In pose, aspect, and costume she is the same as in the panel picture here reproduced. But this latter is far more finely finished, intended to be

looked at from a nearer point of view, and to decorate the walls, not of a church but of a chamber. Many portraits are ascribed to Ghirlandajo, but few of them were really painted by him. Amongst those few this is beyond all question the finest. Its former owner, Mr. Willett, lent it to the London National Gallery for some years, and only the lack of enterprise of the authorities of that institution allowed it to slip through their fingers into the finest private gallery in France.

The remarkable quality of the work is easily recognisable by the eye, but not easily translated into words. Perhaps we may describe the style as heraldic. There is a stern refusal of every quality that is not monumental. The decorations on the garments are like those of a shield, formal, severe, almost architectural. Note the reserved simplicity of the background, the insistence on rectangular outlines. Observe the sculptural modelling of the hair, the mathematical accuracy of the pose, the absolute profile. The modelling of the face is the modelling of a marble medallion. The whole is in fact equivalent to a picture of a coloured bas-relief. Work so severe and so restrained sacrifices much, but wins in compensation a most noble dignity, like in kind to that attained by the Greek masters of sculpture. Not everyone will feel the charm of such art, but those who do feel it will find in it an enduring satisfaction, which they would not willingly exchange for any number of impressionist triumphs.



ARS V TINAM MORES
ANIAM QVE EFFINGERE
POSSES PVLGHICOR IN TER-
RIS NVLLA TABELLA FORIT
MCCCCLXXXVIII

HANS HOLBEIN.

PORTRAIT OF GEORG GISZE

(BERLIN MUSEUM).



HIS merchant's picture is a favourite amongst the younger Holbein's many excellent portraits. Notwithstanding the multitude of accessories by which the personage is surrounded, the interest is not diffused, nor the artistic unity impaired. The letter which he holds in his hand is thus addressed, "Dem ersamen Jergen gisze to lunden In engelant Mynem broder to handen":—"To the hands of my brother the Honourable Georg Gisze, London, England.' Other letters on the wall bear dates from 1528 to 1531. Some of them were sent by Hans Stolten, Thomas Bandz, and Jergen ze Basel. All the apparatus of a well-to-do merchant lies on the table or hangs upon the wall. The picture is dated 1532. It was therefore painted at the very beginning of Holbein's second visit to England. When he first came over he had enjoyed the patronage of Sir Thomas More and other leading statesmen; but they were now dead or had fallen upon dark days. Holbein therefore turned his attention to the German merchants of the Steelyard, and obtained a

number of commissions from them for their portraits. This may have been one of the first, and the artist determined to show in it of what work he was capable. We may judge that it proved a good advertisement. How could it be otherwise? In style of design and colouring it shows the influence of Quentin Massys of Antwerp, whose works Holbein had had opportunities of studying. Quentin was a great artist, but he did not attain the easy mastery of a definite style which came early to Holbein. He was an innovator feeling his way towards the kind of work which Rubens ultimately produced. Holbein never strove for more than he could accomplish. What he undertakes to do, he does. There are no passions of bold light and shade. All is clear simple daylight, the surroundings of every day, and the man himself in habit as he lived. The picture lends itself perfectly to reproduction. The actual texture of the paint can be seen, and it is even possible to distinguish the retouchings in the neighbourhood of the mouth. Elsewhere the surface is in almost faultless preservation.



JACOB VAN RUISDAEL.

CASTLE BENTHEIM

(MR. A. BEIT'S COLLECTION).



BENTHEIM is now the German frontier railway station on the line from Amsterdam eastward to north Germany. It is a small and picturesquely situated town, still dominated by the old castle belonging to Prince Bentheim. The castle is of many dates—the oldest parts dating back perhaps to the 10th century. It stands, as our picture shows, upon a low hill, which overlooks the most southerly extremity of what was once a long stretch of swamp, bordering the left bank of the Ems and known as the Bourtanger Moor. In old days this must have been a strategic position of some importance. When Jacob Ruisdael visited this neighbourhood is not known, though this picture proves that it was in the fulness of his powers. Here and in the hilly region to the southward he must have spent some time, and it is this German frontier region that yielded him the subjects of hills, valleys, forests, and waterfalls that he so often painted. For all we know he may have made this district an habitual resort for summer painting expeditions. A pleasant holiday might be spent by a modern amateur, with a portfolio of photographs of Ruisdael's pictures, who should wander about and try to identify the points of view from which they were painted. Not that such information in any way affects the true art-lover. He cares for pictures exclusively for their own sake, and does

not really mind what they represent nor (truth to tell) cares much who painted them. The picture before us can well afford to dispense with all extraneous interests. The view is not in Holland or Germany, but here in the picture—and what a view it is! How nobly built up! how admirable in its pictorial architecture! How absolutely sufficing in every detail and in the perfect relation of all the parts to the whole! A more triumphant work of landscape art it would be futile to demand. It has all the instantaneousness of immediate effect that the most skilful impressionism can convey, and combines with it the charm of lovely detail which is a part of every natural scene. The reader would feel himself insulted were I to direct his attention to the obvious excellencies of the treatment of foreground, the grouping of houses and trees, the effective eminence of the castle, but a word may perhaps be allowed to point out how much the general effect of the picture owes to the composition of the clouds, and the treatment of light and shade in the castle-roofs. Note too the singular skill which chose just five rooks and no more and placed them where they are—small points of dark that manifest and give value to the softness of the sky. The picture is in admirable preservation and perfectly lends itself to our reproduction, the loss of colour in this case being of slight importance.



DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ.

THE SURRENDER OF BREDÁ

(PRADO, MADRID).



BUEN RETIRO, a new-built palace at Madrid, was presented by Olivarez to the King of Spain. It required decoration, so the royal painters, with Velasquez at their head, were charged to do the work. As part of the decorative scheme for the Salon de los Reinos, Velasquez painted the renowned picture, of the Surrender of Breda, here reproduced. It lends itself better to reproduction in black-and-white than any other of the master's great pictures. It may be regarded as the central work of the middle period of his activity, having been painted when he was about forty years of age. At a first glance the reproduction might almost seem to have been made from a fine tapestry. The reason for this is the relatively flat decorative treatment of the painting. It would form an admirable tapestry design. The fence of lances, after which in Spanish the picture is named, are an easily recognised instance of decorative effect, but the whole canvas is similarly treated. The picture is too well known to need much analysis. How often the nobility of the two central figures has been praised! They "stand

with as noble a bearing as any in painting. Spinola and Justin meet one another with gestures so poignant in expression, that they almost compel the nerves to involuntary imitation. . . . The conqueror and the conquered of Breda, with . . . a decently ceremonious stateliness, act out two of the most trying circumstances of life." Note how the whole composition enframes the central oval that sets off their heads, and how the surrounding figures are involved in the action. Nothing could be more suggestive. In style the picture shows the well-marked influence of the Venetians. They had discovered and developed this sort of ceremonial picture to perfection. Tintoret might have painted it much after this fashion. The fence of lances are, in fact, borrowed from a picture by him. Later on in life Velasquez would have been less formal, and would have regarded the subject more from his own personal point of view. The result would have been work of another character and invested with another kind of charm. This, however, is good enough. No one has ever been found to quarrel with it, nor, for a wonder, has anyone questioned the picture's authenticity.



GEORGE ROMNEY.

MRS. DRUMMOND SMITH

(MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON'S COLLECTION).



R. DRUMMOND SMITH, of Tring Park, Hertfordshire, married in 1786 Mary Cunliffe, who died in 1804, the year in which her husband was created a baronet. She was the charming lady whose portrait is here reproduced. Sir Drummond Smith's elder brother Joshua had a daughter Mary, who became Marchioness of Northampton, and it was doubtless through her that this picture came to Castle Ashby, where it has ever since remained. The same tradition and inscription that has preserved the name of the lady has likewise preserved that of the artist. Romney never painted a more beautiful picture, though he adopted here a style somewhat off his ordinary lines. Was it that the great tent of a hat set him an unusual problem? Other such hats are known in pictures of the period. They can only have enjoyed a short-lived fashion. Doubtless experts in the history of costume could date them

to a year. Morland seems to have been fonder of them than other artists. However they may have looked in reality, this pictured example of them is made decoratively effective in a high degree, enframing the sweetly expressive face, and for all the amplitude of its expanse not suggesting a load too great for the slender neck. The only way to deal with such a hat was to make the face the subject of the picture and all else subsidiary. Hence the light on the *fichu* to throw the shaded face into prominence by contrast. Hence also the sketchiness of the hands and drapery, and the purely decorative treatment of the landscape. Note particularly the disjointed belt of shadow that less skilfully handled would have cut the picture in half, but actually only completes the dark oval surrounding its attractive centre. Few portraits of the fine eighteenth century English school are more delightful than this, which well deserves a wider fame.



M^{rs} Drummond Smith,
Aunt of Mary,
Marchioness of Northampton.
— by Romney —

GABRIEL METSU.

A YOUNG CAVALIER WRITING

(MR. A. BEIT'S COLLECTION, LONDON).



GABRIEL METSU spent most of the active years of his life as a painter (1650-1667) at Amsterdam. He enjoyed considerable success at a time when Rembrandt was comparatively neglected, for Metsu followed the then fashionable style, but Rembrandt his own mighty and unfashionable genius. Nowadays Rembrandt is among the gods, Metsu only among the smaller fry of demi-gods, yet in their ranks he takes a place of more than common respectability. Like other Dutch artists of the day, he adopted a definite and rather small range of subject for his pictures, and adhered faithfully to it. The master he followed was Terburg. Gerard Dow taught him to paint with the minute finish of surface and detail from which he never departed. Whereas other men painted kitchens or tavern-interiors or scenes from low life, Metsu almost confined his attention to the gentlefolks of his day. When he painted portraits he generally, as in this instance, painted his sitter in his own

room, surrounded by his possessions, and engaged in some simple action of daily indoor life. A Music-lesson, a Lady caressing her Dog, a Breakfast of Oysters—such were his favourite subjects. Music-players he seemed to have loved best of all. He liked the still-life part of his subject best, the little accessories on which the light glinted, the patterned stuffs, the rich Oriental carpets. Perhaps in no picture did he surpass the level of success attained in the one now under consideration, for here there is a breadth of light and shade, and a certain dignity of composition not often found in his works. The detail is not finicking, but all subordinated to a broad effect. The variety of textures alone would avoid monotony, were it not in any case a quality altogether absent. The picture, as a whole, is a charming object for the eye to rest on. It is entertained and led from point to point without being bored; the masterly execution is a continual surprise, the happy colouring an inexhaustible delight.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

MISS LINLEY AND HER BROTHER

(LORD SACKVILLE'S COLLECTION).



MISS ELIZA ANN LINLEY, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, was a favourite subject of Gainsborough's brush. Who can wonder at it? A charming sketch of her belongs to Mr. Willett at Brighton. There is also a famous full-length portrait of her, belonging to Lord Rothschild, painted in her early married days, where she is shown as a fashionable lady should be, seated like a nymph in a woodland, which everybody then knew was the normal way fashionable ladies had of spending their time. Here she seems to be gipsying it with her brother, and a pretty pair of raggamuffins they make. Gainsborough also painted her and her sister Maria in a large and very charming portrait-group, now in the Dulwich College Gallery. Nor was Reynolds behindhand. He depicted Mrs. Sheridan seated at a harpsichord, attended by angel-children to sing with her. There is a sketch of her by the same painter at Glasgow. The Linley family were children of a composer. They were called "a nest of nightingales." Eliza was the beauty. Plenty of men fell in love with her when she was only sixteen, notably one Mathews. Sheridan, however, aged nineteen, escorted her off

to a nunnery in France, marrying her by the way, it is said, and then returned home and fought two duels with Mathews. A year later the young couple were publicly married. Miss Linley before these events had been successful as a concert singer. She appeared at Bath, Oxford, and London, and attracted the attention of the King. In the picture before us Gainsborough attempts what Reynolds often accomplished with great success. No one ever surpassed him with children acting parts—"his inimitable urchins masquerading as heathen deities, his strawberry girls, his deliciously naïve little ladies gazing at you with timid mouse-like eyes out of the transparent shadow cast by huge extinguishing hats." Gainsborough had not that kind of facility. These gipsy children are too sleek, too well-washed and well-kempt to take us in; but they are also too solemn. We miss the prankishness of Reynolds' child actors, who do not expect or desire to be mistaken for the parts they play. Yet what does it matter? The picture is the thing. And this picture is superb—a master-piece of the first rank, full of charm and beauty—an absolutely satisfying object to look at.



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

LANDSCAPE

(THE EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION).



Of all artists that ever lived Rubens was certainly the most exuberant. In this respect he surpassed all who surpassed him in others. His personality and his art were alike triumphant. He sometimes overwhelms us by the multitude of his figures, sometimes by their vigour. The power of his hand is not more remarkable than the fertility of his brain. Scenes, events, and persons thronged through his imagination. Evidently the multitude of his paintings but feebly represents the far greater multitude of his splendid dreams. Thus it happens that we think of him chiefly as a figure painter; but those who know him never fail to remember that he was equally great and equally original as a landscape artist. When he was beginning his career, landscape was a minor branch of art. Plenty of landscape backgrounds had found their way into pictures since the beginning of the fifteenth century, but it was early in the seventeenth century before

landscape art had really emancipated itself and begun to take rank as an important branch. Rubens was one of the first to treat landscape in a grand style, and to show that the worthy portrayal of nature was as noble an undertaking for an artist as the portrayal of man. The picture now under consideration is one of the finest landscape paintings produced by Rubens in his great days. It is, moreover, in admirable condition, and lends itself well to reproduction. It is not a mere transcript of certain details of Nature, but it is a scene beheld through the eyes of a remarkable seer. When Rubens looked at a tree he saw the life and vigour that was in it. Nature to his eyes was a living, striving, palpitating entity. He saw it like a myth-maker—saw Pan in the woods, Aurora in the dawn, Jove in the sky, Boreas in the gale. Thus, when he painted a landscape, he filled his picture with the fulness of his own nature, an exuberant fulness stimulating to behold and bringing joy to whomsoever it affects.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

LADY ANN BINGHAM

(EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION).



HIS picture is well known from engravings. A colour-print of it in stipple by Bartolozzi may be remembered by the reader. S. Cousins and P. Bonato also engraved it. The lady here represented was the youngest daughter of the first Baron (afterwards first Earl of) Lucan. Her sister Lavinia married Lord Althorpe, and became Countess Spencer. She sat thrice to Sir Joshua. The portrait under consideration was painted in the year 1786, that is to say, towards the close of the artist's career, the same year in which he painted the famous "Duchess of Devonshire and her Child." The dress was in the fashion of the moment, as one may see by comparing it with the portrait of Lady de Clifford, which belongs to Lord Albemarle, and with that of the Duchess. The last mentioned was a daughter of Lord Spencer, and so a close connection of Lady Ann Bingham. To the Academy exhibition of 1786 Reynolds contributed thirteen pictures, including, besides the Duchess of Devonshire, such fine works as the "Duke of Orleans," the

"John Hunter," the "Joshua Sharpe," and the portraits of Lady Ann and her sister, though the latter had been painted two years before. Both are masterpieces of attractive portraiture, and should be regarded as pendants to one another. Both are half-lengths. Both are similarly attired, and wear large straw hats. The light shines full on Ann's face, but the upper part of Lavinia's is in shadow, and her figure is in profile. She wears her hair in its natural colour; Ann's is powdered. The painting of the costume is admirable, the colours so painterly handled and so pleasant to look upon, regardless of what they mean. The little bright smiling face, the naive pose, the admirable disposition of the figure within the space allotted to it, the easy flow of line and agreeable disposition of light, the evident facility of the master's hand, doing exactly and without doubt what his mind intended: all these elements unite into a delightful whole, with a particular combination of charming ingredients that distinguish Reynolds' art at its best from that of any other painter.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

SHEPHERDS REPOSING AT NIGHT

(NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND, DUBLIN).



SOME landscape paintings are the visible perpetuation of a beautiful effect beheld by the artist in external nature; others of a beautiful effect conceived or imagined by him as possible in nature, though never perhaps actually beheld. Rembrandt's landscape sketches are generally of the former sort; his paintings of the latter. The superb landscape here reproduced is of the imaginative kind. Evidently it was not painted at the hour and on the spot. Some such effect the artist had somewhere seen and remembered. Mayhap he took a note of it, though amongst the multitude of his drawings none such has been indicated. It is recorded of Turner that he had a kind of shorthand method of making notes of elaborate sunsets and other complicated colour schemes, which he would scratch down in pencil on the back of an envelope. These notes recalled the scene to his memory and enabled him to paint the effect after a long interval of time. Good pictures can only

be painted in this manner by an artist whose mind is stored with natural knowledge, as Rembrandt's and Turner's were stored. The subject of the work before us is the contrast between the fire-light in front and the last flush of sunset in the sky. Evening is far advanced, as the lights in the castle windows prove. It is already night in the depths of the wooded valley, where a belated herdsman leads the cattle home by lantern light. The broad chiaroscuro of the composition is in the artist's late and most masterly manner. He knew well the effect he wanted to reproduce, and he produced it with a certainty of handling, an understanding of what forms to indicate, what to suppress, a power of suggestion, a resourcefulness of touch and treatment, such as few other painters of any school or period have been able to command. The picture is signed and dated in the margin, but that was an unnecessary addition, for indeed it is signed all over by the inimitable traces of a hand that could only be Rembrandt's.





RAPHAEL SANZIO.

MADONNA IN THE MEADOW

(VIENNA GALLERY).



HIS famous picture was painted by Raphael, at the order of Taddeo Taddei, in the year 1506, about the time when he painted the better known *Madonna del Cardellino*, now in the Uffizi at Florence. In both pictures, but especially in this one, Raphael shows himself to be under the influence of Leonardo. Numerous pen-and-ink and other sketches, made for both pictures about the same time, have been identified in different collections. They show how his mind played about a subject, and how the treatment ultimately adopted grew and took shape within him. Some of these studies are the hastiest outlines, and, as we look from one to another, it seems as though the group moved before us, the children especially changing their places and their attitudes, and the mother moving her foot. Most of the studies in question are in the Albertina Collection at Venice, in the Duke of Devonshire's Collection at Chatsworth, or amongst the drawings at Oxford, and are accessible in Messrs. Braun's photographs (Nos. 17, 156, 157, 161, etc.). Crowe and Cavalcaselle state that there existed in the Rogers Collection a small cartoon in red chalk, from which the picture was finally painted, "a beautiful example of Raphael's most finished work," but this I have not seen.

Raphael painted these pictures in what were, perhaps, his happiest days, when

his powers were rapidly developing in the fine artistic air of culminating Florence, and before he had plunged into the soul-destroying turmoil of Rome. The landscape background here is still pure Umbrian, such as Perugino loved, a kind of landscape which Memling and other Netherlands painters had first evolved. But the figures are far beyond anything that mere Umbrian painters had yet attained to create. They are sprung from the fair fancy of the impressionable artist, living in contact with all that was best in the life of the Florence of Michelangelo and the great Leonardo da Vinci. Before many years had passed the artistic ideal was destined, even in the mind of Raphael himself, to undergo a great change. It was about to forsake the dream world in which this Virgin and these children live for the actual world of every day. It was about to exchange visions for flesh-and-blood realities. We may well rejoice that before that change took place, the old ideal was so sweetly and enduringly enshrined by the young Raphael, for the joy of many future generations and the comfort of countless quiet souls, to whom these sweet Madonna pictures are a never failing source of pure and elevated delight. Such works could only be produced then and there. The time and the place for their forthcoming exists no more and will not return.



SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

MARIA LUIGIA DE TASSIS

(PRINCE LIECHTENSTEIN'S GALLERY, VIENNA).



HIS sly, substantial beauty is one of the loveliest as well as the most convincingly human of Van Dyck's portraits. He painted her in the very hey-day of his powers, about the year 1630, after his return from Italy and before he settled in England. Maria Luigia was a young lady of distinguished family resident at Antwerp. She is fashionably dressed, according to the then latest French ideas—black satin, white silk, ostrich fan. The local costume of the time was very different—cylindrical ruff, round-ended stomacher, and stiff sleeves. This low neck, this wide-spread lace collar, these fanciful sleeves and long graceful lines were the device of no Antwerp costumier. Anne Marie de Camudio, whose portrait Van Dyck painted in this same year, wore the like, and did her hair in the same fashion as Maria Luigia, but she did not possess the rather naughty charms of her younger contemporary. A portrait of another member of the Tassis family also now hangs in the same splendid gallery, of which this

picture is a chief treasure. It represents Antonio de Tassis, a Canon of Antwerp, about whom little else seems to be known. Van Dyck, in his Flemish period (1626-1632), unfortunately was not given the opportunity of painting many such beautiful ladies as the one before us. He appears, indeed, not to have been fully employed. At all events, he had leisure to paint portraits of quite a number of his contemporary artists, who are not likely to have paid him for so doing. This group of artist-portraits, however, done for love, and painted without help of assistants, are amongst the best works that he left behind him. When he went to England his art suffered, partly for lack of criticism from the people by whom he was surrounded, partly because more work was demanded of him than one unassisted artist could produce. Assistants, therefore, did a large part of his English pictures. No assistant touched this portrait of Maria Luigia. It is Van Dyck's own throughout, and Van Dyck at his best.



FRANS HALS.

THE MAN WITH A SWORD

(PRINCE LIECHTENSTEIN'S GALLERY, VIENNA).



NOTHING is more obvious than that this gentleman is standing for his portrait, and is well aware of the fact.

He has dressed and planted himself for the occasion. By expression and gesture he seems to say, "Look at me!" The artist too has rigged up the curtain behind him and strewn the roses on the ground in the most naively self-conscious manner possible. Such was not Frans Hals's usual way. Left free to his own fancy he would have waited till he caught this dressed-up personage half-drunk in a wine shop, wearing old clothes, and expressing some genuine emotion. But artists have to do what they are paid to do. Often they must show their skill in spite of their patrons. This patron seems to challenge the painter to rise to the occasion, as who should say, "You don't often have a chance to paint a man like me." Frans Hals rose to the occasion, and, with his tongue in his cheek, gave the very thing he was asked for, with the

strut and the pose and the roses strewn about. He sacrificed the character of his sitter on the altar of the man's own conceit, but he preserved unsullied his own artistic honour. The picture is no glory to its subject, but to the painter it is one of his greatest glories. Seldom did Hals more triumphantly display the power of his hand, or the superb quality of his vision. With everything against him in the subject, and every handicap of artificiality imposed upon him, he, notwithstanding, created a picture that is vital, real, imposing, and almost magnificent. From foolish face down to protruding feet—all is rendered with unusual completeness of detail. No apology is made for the man. Yet the picture is as grand as its subject is mean. Its large treatment, its fine light and shade, its contrast of textures, and all its other qualities unite to produce a whole which so pleases the eye that the man is lost in the glamour of the art which so veraciously portrays him.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

MISS HAVERFIELD

(WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON).



If we had met this young lady in some country park we should probably have guessed that she had stolen her mother's hat and cloak and was out for a frolic. The child, however, is dressed in the proper costume of her day, and the artist has taken advantage of the strong contrast of light and dark which it offered him; or rather, he has easily conquered the problem which it posed. By keeping down the decorative vegetation in the foreground, and by bringing the head high on the canvas, he has endowed the broad little woman with an aspect of height that must have been foreign to her. It is only after examination that we discover how naturally insignificant she was. It may not be the highest quality of a portrait-painter to transmute the character of his subject; but, in such pictures as these, Gainsborough, though he was actually painting a portrait, was concerned far more with the picture

than with the subject of it. The demand of his day was for portraits, and that demand he had to supply. Left to himself he would have painted imaginative compositions and chosen suitable models for them. But he was not left to himself, nor, economically, permitted to choose his own subjects and models. The models were supplied to him, and he had to make the best of them and give play to his own artistic tendencies in spite of them. Thus, with this little lady, he had to paint her and make a pretty picture out of her, and he did it, though she was not particularly pretty in face nor graceful in figure; and did not, by her own personality, suggest any suitable picturesque setting. The foxglove in front is, in and for itself, much more interesting than the child. Yet the child is made supreme, is forced to please the eye, and without being distorted is rendered dignified and even attractive. It was indeed a *tour de force* that only genius could accomplish.



ANTOINE WATTEAU.

FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE

(NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH).



HIS picture is an acknowledged masterpiece by the most attractive and original artist of the great French school of the eighteenth century. He was one of the many great masters whose span of life was short. Born in 1684, he only lived till 1721. Those 37 years, however, sufficed to enable him to climb from absolute obscurity to enduring fame. He was of mean birth and had no advantages whatever. He picked up his art by sheer labour without any proper teaching, but the root of the matter was in him and labour prevailed. Gradually he formed for himself a style that was novel and all his own. Everyone recognises him as the painter *par excellence* of little social groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, gracefully flirting in pretty gardens. Yet it is not for his subjects that he is prized so much as for the way they are painted. Watteau was before all things a painter—a master in the art of handling paint so that the mere texture and mingling of the colours is a delight to look upon. The eye that regards a painting by him receives from it the same kind

of agreeable sensation that is given, for instance, by a mush of strawberries and cream. There is a delicious quality about everything he touched, altogether apart from the meaning of the things pourtrayed. The picture before us possesses that quality to a high degree. It also exemplifies the artist's mastership in composition, in the grouping of figures in due relation of emphasis and subordination one to another, and in the decorative arrangement and handling of accessories, such as grassy swards, marble fountains, trees, flowers, and sky. There is just enough of all these and not too much; and all are suitable to one another and to the subject. The same daintiness that characterises the little ladies refines the trees and every tiniest touch of the brush. This quality of daintiness is perhaps the most marked feature in Watteau's art. He is never bold, never aspiring; he never thrills the spectator nor strikes him with wonder or astonishment; but he always pleases. To give pleasure is, after all, the central purpose of art. An artist who always pleases always succeeds. Such was Watteau.



TITIAN.

EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF CHARLES V.

(PRADO GALLERY, MADRID).



IN the early months of 1548 Titian went to Augsburg, where the Imperial Court was resident, and where political questions of the first order were under discussion. A group of the most influential statesmen of Europe were gathered together in the cold South German city, and the Emperor seems to have thought this a good opportunity to increase his collection of portraits. Titian was accordingly invited to come over from Italy. He came and portrayed the Emperor himself, John Frederick of Saxony, who had been recently taken prisoner at the battle of Muhlberg, and many of the princely personages at Court. Most of these pictures are believed to have perished in 1608 in the fire at the Prado. The portrait of the Emperor, here reproduced, suffered badly in that fire, the lower part being almost destroyed, and the whole surface damaged, so that in its present condition many details are due to the hand of restorers. Nevertheless even this wreck of a picture must be reckoned one of the world's masterpieces.

It represents Charles the Fifth, life-size, as he appeared at the battle of Muhlberg, with the burnished armour inlaid with gold which he wore, crossed by the red and gold scarf of Burgundy, and on his own chestnut horse. He was ill at the time, suffering from gout and asthma, but disregarding his physician's advice he took part in the campaign, though looking, as it was said, little more than "a mummy or a ghost." The red hair of his youth had darkened to brown

and was plentifully streaked with grey. His strong features had become more pronounced as his cheeks grew hollow and his complexion pale. On the field of battle he became animated and dashed across a ford of the Elbe, his brother Ferdinand riding beside him. Thus they encountered the Elector of Saxony, just taken prisoner and bleeding from a wound in the face. It appears that they greeted him with abuse. Some have tried to see in the picture the visible expression of these facts. It seems probable that they would hardly have been discoverable in it if they had not been recorded elsewhere. Historical circumstances may surround a work of art with interest, but they in no wise affect its artistic value. The greatness of a picture alone consists in its direct appeal to the age, its appeal as a whole, the single simultaneous impression that it makes. Whether the armour and the trappings were real or imaginary, whether the topographical surroundings are true or false, are not questions of art. The artist's problem was to see them or fashion them into a picture that should be a beautiful thing. This Titian gloriously did. He made the face, the figure, the horse, and all the accessories of landscape, costume, and colour work together into one inevitable-seeming whole. The result is what we see. Its success is in what we behold, not what we read about. Generations of art-lovers have united in praise of that, nor is their verdict likely ever to be reversed.



WILLEM VAN DE VELDE

THE YOUNGER.

THE CANNON SHOT

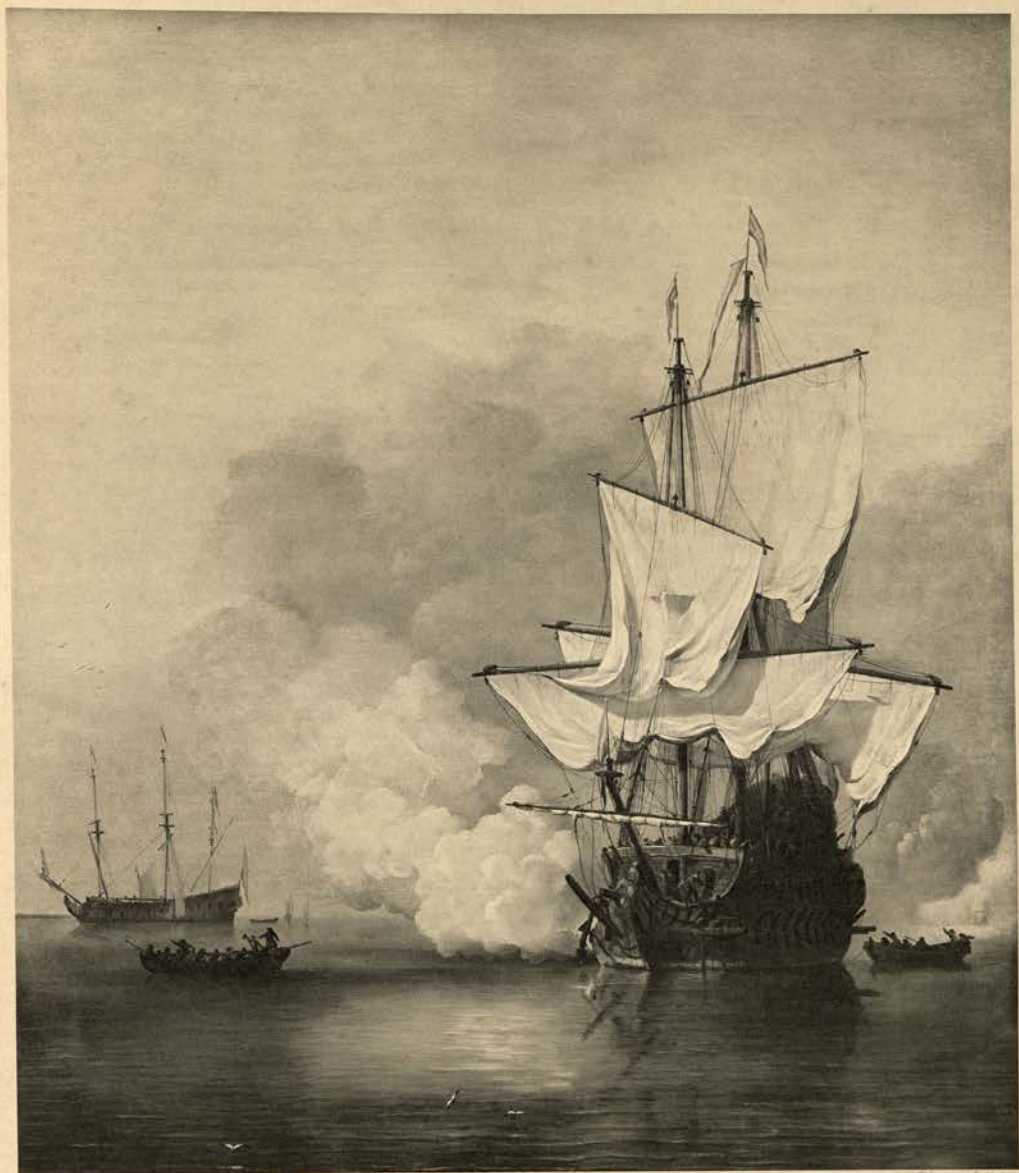
(RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM).



OLLAND in the seventeenth century contained such a multitude of painters, and the competition between them was so keen, that they were driven to specializing. As soon as an artist had made a "hit" with a picture of a particular type, he found his advantage in adhering to that kind of subject. The two Willem Van de Velde, father and son, devoted themselves to the sea and made the painting of sea-fights their special business. The father began life as a sailor, but drifted into art in the strange fashion of those days. Now we have art-schools everywhere, and scholarships and prizes of the most tempting description, yet with all these aids we can show no such output of artists as the scrambling methods of the seventeenth century Dutch produced. Willem Van de Velde the elder was never much of a painter, but he understood a sea-fight when he saw one, and the States-General used to give him a front seat for the purpose. He came to England and entered the service of Charles II., becoming "painter of sea-fights to His Majesty." His son, the notable artist whose picture is now under consideration, went to London with him, and

both father and son dying when their time came, were buried side by side in St. James' Church, Piccadilly. The younger Willem was a fine painter. Many of his pictures indeed are in the nature of mere illustrations of battles, in which the events of the fight are more important than the artistic quality of the work. But when, as in the picture before us, he painted a scene chosen for its beauty, he attained a very high level of success. Probably enough the ship from which the gun is being fired was some definite vessel which the artist may have been employed to portray; but the moment chosen, the position and scale of the ship, its relation to the other ships and boats,—all these were matters decided upon by the painter from a purely artistic point of view. The result is a work full of charm. The broad dignity of the loosely hanging sails, the imposing volume of the spreading cannon smoke, the smooth surface of the sea, and the sense of absolute calm pervading the whole and suggesting a contrast with the deep boom of the gun, so that as we look we almost seem to hear it—these factors unite into a perfect whole which is rendered with much skill of hand and charm of treatment.





JEAN GOSSAERT, CALLED NIABUSE.

ADORATION OF THE MAGI (EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION).



THE artist was born about 1470, at Mauberge in Hainault, and was set to learn painting by a local abbeſs. It is gueſſed that he may have ſtudied under Memling. He certainly ſtudied under Quentin Matsys at Antwerp, and became a maſter in the guild there in 1503. His patron, Philippe de Bourgogne, took him to Italy for a few months at the end of 1508. In 1509 he ſettled near Middelburg. During the reſt of his days, but for a viſit to Denmark, he worked in the Low Countries, moſtly for princely patrons. He died in 1533. The picture here reproduced is one of the moſt elaborate and, fortunately, moſt perfectly preſerved of his works. Its condition is indeed marvellous after all the vicſſitudes of nearly four centuries. Living when he did it was impoſſible for him to eſcape the powerful influence of the Renaiſſance, but he did not yield eaſily to it. His later portraits, with their fine and large humanity, are viſibly of the age of Holbein, but his earlier religious pictures belong in ſpirit to the fifteenth century. It is impoſſible to look at the work before us and not be reminded of Roger van der Weyden. If the drapery of the ſtanding Kings has the wider ſweep and a ſimpler fall that tells of the ſixteenth century, that

of the Virgin breaks into the angular folds that earlier artiſts borrowed from mediæval wood-carvers. Here, too, we find all the love of detail and inſiſtence upon it that came down from the Van Eycks. The ruined architecture employs Renaiſſance forms, but it is Gothic in feeling, whiſt the ſplendid pieces of goldſmiths' work are of late Gothic deſign, and are magnificent examples of the ſtyle that was paſſing away. With all its archaiſms, its multiplicity of details, its crowded compoſition, its corners and ſubdiviſions of ſpace, the picture is an artiſtic unity. All the countless parts are in ſubordination to one another. You could not cut away a ſlice anywhere without ruining the whole. And then how entertaining it all is! The eye can wander about and find all kinds of amuſement—in the characters of the people, their geſtures, their coſtumes; in the plants and the animals; in the flocks of angels; in the buildings, the peopled diſtances, the light, the fine ſtuffs, the rich colours, and the gilding. All this, however, would avail nothing if the whole were not bound together and informed by a ſingle pictorial idea. But it is ſo united, and all the details are thereby juſtified and made delightful.



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

ALBERT AND NICHOLAS RUBENS.

(PRINCE LIECHTENSTEIN'S GALLERY, VIENNA.)



ORDINARY public opinion, whether justly or unjustly, does not associate domestic happiness with the normal artistic life. A brilliant French writer, indeed, published a book, the moral of which was, "If you are an artist, don't marry; if you are a woman, don't marry an artist." The rule, if rule it be, was broken by a splendid exception in the case of Rubens. Few artists seemed more made to be favourites in society than he. Few have ever been so attractive to women. Yet none was more devoted to his home-life, or made a more adorable husband and father than he did. His first wife was Isabella Brant, niece of his own sister-in-law. When he married her, in 1609, she was a beautiful girl with a gentle, loving, loyal nature. She is well known to us from many a portrait, and posing as a saint in many of her husband's sacred pictures. Their married life was entirely happy during the seventeen years of its continuance. But in June, 1626, she died, and left him heart-broken. He painted her just then, in the Altar-piece of the Assumption in the Cathedral of Antwerp, as one of the

saints adoring the Virgin in glory. About the same time he painted the picture of their two sons, Albert and Nicholas, which is here reproduced. Albert was born in 1614, and is therefore twelve years old; Nicholas is a few years younger. The former, a school-boy, carries his book and extends a protecting arm about his young brother, who plays with a captive goldfinch, as we may see Spanish children doing to-day. Both are well-grown and handsome boys, taking after their father, or he made them look so, as he well knew how. A similar picture in the Dresden Gallery was long considered the original, but it is only a copy, perhaps painted in Rubens' studio about the same time. A close examination of Prince Liechtenstein's picture shows that it was at first intended to include only the heads of the boys, but that the artist found so much pleasure in the work that he had extra canvas attached and completed it as the full-length we see. It is one of his most delightful pictures. An original portrait drawing of Albert by Rubens, now in the possession of Comte Duchastel-Dandelot at Brussels, was used for this picture.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

PORTRAIT OF A POLISH NOBLE

(HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG).



THIS noble portrait, which is signed by the painter and dated 1637, used to be called the portrait of John III. Sobieski, King of Poland, or of Stephan Bathory, King of Poland. It is neither the one nor the other, for in 1637 Sobieski was only twelve or thirteen years old, whilst Stephan Bathory died in 1586. Dr. Bode, however, has justly pointed out that the man was in all probability a Pole, or at least a Slav, judging not merely by his type and costume, but by the moustache, which in those days was seldom thus worn except by Slavs. The picture must be numbered among the masterpieces of the earlier period of Rembrandt's mature power. While we miss the lightning-like freedom of hand, to which he attained later on, when he, as it were, flung paint upon his canvas, and made it suggest as by magic whatever objects he desired, we find already the perfect comprehension of what he chose to depict, the definite knowledge of how much of the thing visible in its entirety the artist cared to see and to reproduce. Here we have not merely the lineaments and forms of a man set down, we have an integral vision of him : character, costume,

expression, pose, all in harmony, all concentrated into one consistent, visual image ; everything omitted that is outside of that, nothing omitted, nothing distorted, that comes within it. The man is a sort of barbarian, "hot as ginger, a fractious chiel," impatient, a bad sitter one would judge. Each time he came to sit he brought a new stick with him and insisted upon having the former painted out and the new one substituted. The traces of two thus painted over can still be discovered on the canvas. Like Rembrandt himself he loved jewels, gold ornaments, rich furs, and costly attire, and he came to the right artist for painting them. One hopes with some confidence that the picture pleased him. Was he capable of appreciating the bold, and at the same time spiritual, handling of the brush ? Hardly ; but the wonderful effect of light must have struck him, and the transfiguring of his face by it may well have pleased him, and gratified his obvious self-satisfaction.

The picture was acquired by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, and is happily at home in the collection of which it has ever since formed part.





GERARD TERBORCH.

A DUET.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



GERARD TERBORCH did not belong to the frolicsome, tavern-frequenting, improvident set of artists who produced so much of the best work that came out of Holland in the seventeenth century. His pictures alone would suffice to prove that he possessed the instincts of a gentleman. He chose his subjects in the domestic life of nice people, who wore nice clothes, and behaved themselves with propriety. His art was refined, like his tastes. History records little about him. We know that he travelled a good deal, visiting Germany, Italy, France, and England. Philip IV. of Spain knighted him. At Madrid he must have seen the work of Velasquez, just as in Holland he must have seen that of Frans Hals and Rembrandt, but he followed his own likings along a steady line of development, without attempting to imitate the styles of bolder men. In the fulness of experience he settled down at Deventer, married a well-to-do wife, became a town-councillor, and finally died in entire respectability. The admirable picture here reproduced is a fine example of his best or Deventer period. At no time

was he anything but a most painstaking artist. To the end, as existing drawings prove, he made careful studies from life, and it is clear that every one of his pictures was painted directly from nature. To look at this picture is to realise how much delight he took in the sheen and texture of fine stuffs. It is clear that he would sooner have painted the dress of the lady in the foreground than her face. The other lady at the harpsichord is not painted by Terborch. Unfortunately the picture suffered some serious misfortune, and practically the whole of this second figure has had to be supplied by a restorer. The loss, however, is not so serious as it might have been, for the subject is the dress of the lady in front—the various tones and textures of her hair, her skin, her collar, and her dress. All else is mere background to this. Probably Terborch loved music. At any rate he seems never to have tired of painting musicians. His art possesses something of a musical charm. It does not stimulate thought; it appeals directly to the senses, and delights the eye with fair sights, as music pleases the ear with harmonious sounds.



BARTOLOME ESTEBAN MURILLO.

VISION OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA (BERLIN MUSEUM).



MURILLO was born in 1617 at Seville, the birthplace of Velasquez. He spent his early years at home, went to Madrid to complete his artistic education, and in 1645 returned to settle at Seville, where he soon established his reputation. The great picture of St. Anthony of Padua, painted in 1656, at the command of the Cathedral chapter, may be said to have finally established his position as leading painter in Seville. The picture we have now to consider was produced about the same time, and may well have been ordered by some patron who admired the altar-piece in the Cathedral baptistery. It is perhaps one of the artist's most generally attractive works.

Some people are enamoured of Murillo's paintings; others cannot tolerate them. What is sweetness in them for some, is sickly sentimentality for others. Tastes, in fact, differ, and ought to differ. No one denies Murillo's cleverness and skill, but some declare that, for all his cleverness, they cannot abide his works. It is impossible, or at least unprofitable, to reason with such people. No one is so catholic as to like all kinds of excellence equally. Murillo's sweet pictures often

attract the admiration of persons previously insensible to the charms of old art. They awaken a dormant capacity of pleasure, which presently expands to embrace less obvious but more considerable qualities of beauty. No one can fail to perceive the very obvious charms of the children in the picture before us; the pretty way in which they are grouped, the tender sentiment of the Saint. How delicately he embraces the Christ-child, and how sweetly his adoration is acknowledged! Evident, too, is the beauty of the light and shade in its broad treatment, though the shade is smoky and the light in a high degree artificial—not that that matters, so it be effective. There is nothing recondite in such art. Like the architecture of the Taj, it produces all its effect at once. It does not grow upon the spectator as he gazes. This is a gallery picture, to be seen and remembered, not one to be lived with. It is better suited to hang in a church than in a chamber. For such art there is a definite place. It is wanted. It is admirable for its purpose. But it is not the highest kind of art; it belongs essentially to the second rank, and fulfils its purpose there.



GEORGE MORLAND.

AT THE DOOR OF "THE DOLPHIN."

(MR. ARTHUR SANDERSON'S COLLECTION.)



MORLAND, we regret to say, knew far too much about ale-houses from long and frequent personal experience. This is by no means the only time that he made one of them the subject of a picture. However, he is safely dead now, and as dry as the driest teetotaler, so it does not matter to anyone what kind of a life he led; but his pictures exist, and (which does greatly matter) many of them are entirely admirable works of art. A characteristically English sense of propriety prevented Morland from indulging in such representations of drunken revels, and even less respectable incidents, as several of the great Dutch painters delighted to depict. It was not lack of familiarity with low life that withheld him.

His artistic career falls into three periods. In the first he painted so-called "genteel" society. In the second he confined his attention almost exclusively to peasant life, and painted it with much sympathy and skill. In the third, the quality of his work deteriorated, owing to the dissipation to which he fell a victim. The pictures of his second period are the best, and this is one of the finest of them. Few painters have been more freely imitated, copied, and forged than

Morland. In his own day, and under his own eyes, forged imitations of his works were produced and sold. It appears that he lent himself to the fraud, being constantly in need of money. Nevertheless, his own works can be readily recognised, for his touch is unmistakable. His compositions could be repeated, but the handling of brush and paint whereby he ennobled them, could not be reproduced by any journeyman. Morland, in fact, was a born painter. He saw without effort, as a painter should; and the natural expression with him for what he saw was by means of paint. Such men are never numerous. They "show their meaning with the hand," as Dürer said, not by any form of words. Indeed, they are liable to be rather slow of speech. Sensitive in eye and hand, they lack what many common people possess. Why do such men readily give way to dissipation? The question is not easy to answer, yet it is worth careful consideration, especially in these days of alcoholic excess. Is the converse true? and are the habitual drunkards people of artistic gift who do not find the complement of their disposition in the modern world? Some have thought that this may be the case.



JOHANNES VERMEER OF DELFT.

THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO.

(COUNT CZERNIN'S COLLECTION, VIENNA.)



VERMEER of Delft possessed that rare faculty of insight which enabled him to behold beauty in the commonest circumstances and surroundings. Whilst other artists sought for it in ideal and imaginary worlds, or in rare costumes, rich fabrics, and the like, he found it in his own house and the ordinary events of every-day happening to common folks. The picture before us immortalises this reaction of his against the imaginary, and emphasises his delight in fact. He had clothed and posed a model for some fancy subject, crowned her with a garland of sham vegetation, given her a trumpet in one hand, and a book in the other, and sat down to paint her—in the character, perhaps, of a Last Judgment angel. But she would not look the part. She simpered and felt foolish, and looked more than ever the Dutch maiden that she was. So he saw her in his studio, a travestied Dutch maiden, and himself painting her; and he saw how finely the light fell upon her and on his crinkled

map of Holland on the wall, and the brass chandelier overhead. He felt, too, how well the black mass of his own attire would look in contrast with all this white. So, instead of painting an angel, and translating his Dutch model and surroundings into an imaginary world, he changed his intention, and painted studio, model, and himself exactly as they were. But he glorified them all none the less, not by idealising the surroundings, but by truly seeing and truly depicting the actual beauty of them that was before his eyes. The result was magnificent. No painted splendour of riven heavens could be more beautiful for light, or texture, or essential glory, than is the illumined surface of the common wall-map. No fitting up with wings, or elevation amongst clouds, or other material transformations, could have ennobled his model more transcendently than he ennobled her, and himself, and his plain studio, by the actual light of day, beheld with insight and depicted with skill.



CARPACCIO.

ST. URSULA'S DREAM.

(ACCADEMIA, VENICE.)



VITTORE CARPACCIO was a pupil, or at least a follower, of Gentile Bellini. Fifty years ago his pictures were little cared for; to-day there cannot be many lovers of art who are not familiar with the work here reproduced, one of the most deservedly popular amongst the many glorious pictures enshrined in that lovely casket of fine art—Venice. It chanced, towards the end of the fifteenth century, that the incidents in the pretty legend of St. Ursula were set as subjects for painting to two admirable artists, characteristic painters, both of them, of two great representative commercial cities, Memling at Bruges, and Carpaccio at Venice. They painted quite independently of one another, and neither ever saw the other's version; but to-day we can compare them, and the comparison is most interesting. Of Carpaccio's series of nine pictures, this is by general agreement reckoned the best. It was painted in 1495, a happy moment in the history of art, when the naïveté of the primitives met the science of the Renaissance. Here we find correct perspective, good drawing, admirable proportions, simple but graceful architectural forms, and skilfully handled light and shade. These technical qualities do not, however, overwhelm or displace the simplicity and directness of the fifteenth century. The artist is concerned to tell his story plainly. How the maidenly saintess was sleeping so quietly in her pretty bed, with her little shoes on the floor and her coronet on the plinth, when she dreamt that an angel came in at the door in a flood of light and brought her a message from heaven—that was

all the painter could tell. He expects you to know the legend and to fill up the gaps between the pictures. What, however, he could do—which the written legend could not—was to show you the maiden's room, and so to imply what kind of a girl she was. It is surely a room that any nice person would delight to live in. Doors and windows are wide open, and the clear sky without is filled with the morning light of a summer day. What charming flowers stand on the window-sill, and what desirable pots contain them! Her books, her hour-glass, and her pen and ink are on the little table, as she left them so neatly yesterday evening; and there are a few more volumes and a candlestick on the shelves of a convenient cupboard close by. There is a chair beside the bed, and a little Madonna picture over it, with a bracket to hold a light in honour of Our Lady and a pot for holy water below it. There is nothing prudish about this sweet girl, nor is she ashamed to have almost nude statuettes over the doors, which would shock many proper people nowadays. The statuette of the man with the water-jar is freely copied from a figure sculptured on St. Mark's Cathedral. Not one of these details but is in perfect taste, and all are in absolute harmony one with another. It is terrible, after living for a few minutes in fancy in this pictured chamber, to awake and find oneself in the chaos of almost any modern room. Has the desire for harmony and simple grace in our surroundings utterly passed away? Or is it only the power to realise it that modern civilisation so conspicuously lacks?



JAN DE BRAY

THE GOVERNORS OF THE HOSPITAL FOR POOR CHILDREN.

(HAARLEM MUSEUM.)



WHEN Jan de Bray painted this picture at Haarlem in 1663, Frans Hals was still living in that town, and still at work though eighty-three years of age. He had long ago painted most of the great Corporation pictures, which to-day are the glory of Haarlem Museum. It is safe to assert that, unless Hals had thus shown the way, Jan de Bray would never have painted the picture here reproduced. For De Bray was not a great original artist. He painted several pictures that were creditable enough. There are nine of them in the Haarlem Gallery, bearing dates between 1663 and 1683, but this is the only one that really takes high rank, and it is all the better for being deprived of its colour, as in the present reproduction. The subject is a board meeting of the Governors of the Hospital for Poor Children. Holland in the seventeenth century gave an example to the world in the foundation of charitable institutions. Well-to-do men of business were eager to concern themselves with the management of such charities, and were proud of their connection with them. They subscribed to have their portraits painted, after this fashion, as a monument to themselves and

a record of their interests. In a group thus paid for, each individual demanded an equal prominence with the rest. That posed a hard problem for an artist. Here the five Governors and the Warden all get value for their money. They are seated at a table covered with a fine Oriental carpet, part of the precious freight of some East Indiaman, a venture in which probably one or more of the Governors had a share. Oriental carpets were frequently used as table-covers at that time. Indeed, the Court of the Girdlers' Company, of London, continued till the other day to use a wonderful carpet for its board-room table-cover, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes spilt ink on it, though now they treasure it as it deserves. Amongst the drawings in the Albertina Collection at Vienna is one by Jan De Bray, a sketch made in the living-room of a Haarlem Orphanage for Girls. It gives a favourable impression of life in such an institution. That, however, was not the one governed by these five solid burghers. The lady regents of it are known to us from another group-picture by the same artist, also in the Haarlem Gallery. It is an interesting human document, but not comparable as a work of art with the fine picture here reproduced.





DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ.

THE INFANTE DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS.

(PRADO, MADRID.)



ON BALTHAZAR CARLOS, the short-lived son and heir of Philip IV. of Spain, was born in 1629 and died in 1646. He was a promising lad, six years old, when Velasquez painted this portrait of him. Two other well-known equestrian portraits of the same boy exist in England, one being in the Wallace collection, the other belonging to the Duke of Westminster. The Madrid picture, however, is far the most important and most famous. It hung originally in the royal Palace of Buen Retiro, where so many fine works were gathered together. There is a copy of it in the Dulwich Gallery. Velasquez painted the original in the happiest and central period of his life, between his two visits to Italy. He was destined to gain a yet greater power and to realise his marvellous gifts in a more original manner in his last period. Now, however, he was full of vitality and of hope, and this picture manifests that mood. It is the most "finished," using the word in the common sense, of his equestrian portraits; it is also the most richly coloured, and sparkles with gold and bright lights. The landscape is dressed in spring attire, in sympathy with the youthfulness and promise of the subject. The fat pony caracoles in well-fed good humour. The painter's problem was not merely to produce a likeness of the child, but to endow him with an

aspect of princely dignity, whether nature had endowed him with it or not. That is why he has chosen so low a point of view, making the spectator look up at the young head and thus raising it to the top of the canvas, high above the mountains. Moreover he makes him act the part of a general in command, and yet retains in him a childish grace. Vandyck, and after him Reynolds, adopted the same way of investing their portraits of children with peculiar charm. This, however, was, I believe, the first great portrait ever so treated. The little fellow sits so calmly erect upon his small fat war-horse, and holds out his truncheon of command with so easy a gesture, that he might well be conceived of as born to rule. No one will fail to observe the excellence, the somewhat obvious excellence, of the composition—how the masses and lines below elevate and converge upon this small piece of humanity which is to be glorified; how the landscape background merely exists to give him emphasis; how even the costume and pose of the figure leads the eye up to the serene little face, shining in the fullest light. Later on Velasquez would not have been thus obvious. He would have hidden his skill, or rather he would have seen his subject in a more recondite fashion. The pictures of his central period are more generally popular because their high merits are so easily perceived.



NICOLAES MAES.

OLD WOMAN SAYING GRACE.

(RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.)



One, with even a small knowledge of art-history, could look at this picture and not immediately recognise that between the painter of it and Rembrandt there must have been some connection. Yet there is a wide difference between it and any Rembrandt. Something of Rembrandt's sentiment we may discover, some resemblance to his emphasis on light and shade, and to his massing of the lights and shadows; but his breadth is not here, nor his mystery, nor the unerring velocity of his skill. Maes was, in fact, a pupil of Rembrandt's, and worked under him about the years 1650 to 1655, when he was employing a richer scale of colours than he was afterwards content to handle. Maes caught then a taste for bright colours, and kept it as long as he remained a painter of importance. Truth to tell, that was not very long, little more than five or six years, down to about 1660. The pictures he produced at this time all give plain evidence, on the face of them, of the depth of Rembrandt's influence upon his pupil. Later on he adopted another style, of so different a character that some people have suggested that the Maes of the later style was another man altogether. He even altered the fashion of his signature. Both, however, were the same man. It is only his earlier work that counts. Then it was that he painted the numerous interiors, many of them in his own home, which galleries are glad to show, and of which almost

every important gallery possesses one or more examples. His favourite theme was an old woman occupied about domestic affairs. She generally belongs to the humbler classes, as in the case before us. We see her spinning, or peeling potatoes, or reading a book. There is often a touch of humour in some side incident, as here in the gesture of the impatient cat, or in the pictures of the painter's own children, threatened or punished with a birch rod, and the like incidents. All these pictures are soundly and well painted. If none of them is at best more than second-rate, some rank very high in their class, and that is much to say. Why did Maes, when he had attained such success, turn his back upon his early ideals, and launch forth on new ways? Probably it was in obedience to the dictates of fashion. We know that Rembrandt, in his later years, went completely out of fashion in Amsterdam, and had hard work to live. Patrons neglected the genius that was amongst them, and lavished commissions on relatively second-rate men. Maes, living in the same city, probably thought it wiser to forsake the style of his master, and to seek popularity, or at least employment, by following more fashionable leaders. He may have profited during his life by such time-serving, but it ruined his reputation. Posterity cares nothing about the works of his later days, but regards with esteem the pictures that he painted when he was working to please himself, and to express the ideals of beauty that were actually his own.



CORREGGIO.

THE RAPE OF GANYMEDE.

(VIENNA GALLERY.)



HIS attractive picture is not by any means certainly the work of Correggio's own hand, however admittedly Correggisque in conception it may be. A figure almost identical in pose and movement, certainly by Correggio, is one of the frescoed angels in the Cathedral at Parma. Even the drapery is practically the same. Such repetition was not Correggio's practice. This picture was formerly in Spain, and belonged to Antonio Perez, Secretary of State. It probably came to Vienna before the end of the seventeenth century, and was then believed to have been painted by the great artist whose name it bears. There is a pen and bistre study for it in the Museum at Weimar, with five other studies by, or ascribed to, the master. The evident beauty of the picture will be apparent to all, and few will care very much whether the actual painting was done by Correggio or not. Certainly it would not have existed but for him. At no time has it lacked admirers to praise the grace of the youthful figure, the elegance of the composition, and the pathetic eagerness of the dog, who would fly after his master if

he could. The landscape is already of a purely decorative character, such as the painters of the eighteenth century were to employ with a freedom undreamt of in Correggio's days. Mediæval backgrounds were usually filled with geometrical patterns of gold and colours. Landscape gradually crept in, and, once admitted, attracted to itself more and more attention. At last a point was reached when artists were driven to choose whether they would devote their main attention to the figures or to the landscape. Pure landscape paintings were thereupon produced and thenceforward landscape backgrounds to figure pictures tended to become decorative. It was just at that moment that this picture was painted. It is upon the figures that the spectator is driven to concentrate his attention, and only such features of the distant view are indicated as will suffice to satisfy the eye when it is directed, not upon them, but upon the figure. A background of curtain or wall would have done as well if it had been in keeping with the subject of the picture. Obviously, however, an open air, landscape background was in this case essential.





HANS HOLBEIN.

ROBERT CHESEMAN OF DORMANSWELL.

(THE HAGUE GALLERY.)



ROBERT CHESEMAN is traditionally described as Henry VIII.'s falconer. Mr. Arthur B. Chamberlain has shown, in his recent "Miniature" Life of Holbein, that he was nothing of the sort. Cheseman, in fact, was a well-to-do gentleman of Middlesex. He was the son of Henry VII.'s "Cofferer and Keeper of the Wardrobe," and succeeded to the family estates in Middlesex and Essex in 1517. He was a Justice of the Peace. He was one of the gentlemen selected to welcome Anne of Cleves when she first landed in England. When Holbein painted his portrait, in 1533, Cheseman was forty-eight years old. The artist never painted a more obviously refined gentleman. It is a remarkable fact that the portraits of men with hawks are so often good. Van Dyck painted a very fine picture of the kind, and several others might be mentioned. Is there something in the cult of hawks that makes

for gravity of aspect? Certain it is that this man was a most portrayable person. We might guess him to be a poet, a theologian, a scholar, perhaps, or even a statesman. Some have thought to read Hamlet into him. Evidently there were all manner of possibilities in the man. The delicacy of his hands, with their finely-pointed fingers, is remarkable. Holbein seldom omitted, and, when he introduced them, never neglected the hands of his sitters. Van Dyck was a great painter of hands, but he fitted his high-born folks with the kind of hands he himself admired. Holbein gave to each the hands that nature had made for him and his life had modified. We possess his careful drawings of Erasmus' hands, studied from the life. The admirable hand of Robert Cheseman was doubtless thus studied also. It is no invention, but as individual as the face, and a manifestation of the same refined character.



ROBERTVS CHESTER
ANNO DNI

M. D. XXXIII

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

GIRL FEEDING PIGS.

(EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION.)



HAT there was about this subject that so greatly pleased Gainsborough, it is hard to say. Perhaps he was utterly tired of painting great ladies in silks and satins, and this was a thorough contrast. At any rate the composition so pleased him that he repeated it more than once. The example here reproduced is much the best, and it has even been declared that "for colour and tone it has few equals amongst his works." It was first shown in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1782, where Sir Joshua Reynolds admired and purchased it, paying for it a hundred guineas, forty more than the price asked. Four years later Reynolds offered to exchange it with Lord Ossory for a damaged Titian, saying, "It is by far the best picture Gainsborough ever painted, or perhaps ever will." The exchange did not come off. Afterwards Reynolds sold the picture to Monsieur de Calonne for three hundred guineas. The fifth Earl of Carlisle bought it for a hundred and eighty guineas at the sale of the Calonne Collection. In 1783 a mezzotint of it was made by Richard Earlom. Like all Gainsborough's best pictures this was evidently an impromptu. He did not build it up by any slow process of composition—he saw the subject as a whole at the first instant. Probably the actual scene passed

before his eyes at some happy moment and remained photographed in his brain. Gainsborough's figures and his landscapes are always in perfect keeping one with another. Old-fashioned people, such as the musician, Jackson of Exeter, would have had him put Flights into Egypt or mythological subjects into his views, after the fashion of Claude and Poussin. Gainsborough knew better. His landscapes were not of the classical type which those artists created. Rubens was the example he followed in this branch of art, and study of Rubens taught him that the object of a landscape painting, as of any kind of picture, was simply to be a beautiful thing—a luscious arrangement of forms, colours, and lights, as agreeable to the eye as music is to the ear. Some people will imagine that they find pathos in this picture. They may if they like to put it there. As a matter of sheer fact the child is plainly a mere model, dressed up to act a part which is by no means natural to her. This clean, smooth-faced, soft-haired child is evidently no swineherd. But the pigs are genuine enough. Almost every painter that was really a colourist, loved to paint pigs. The reason for that preference is not hard to find, as an intelligent reader may easily perceive, if he will turn his attention to the problem.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

THE SYNDICS

(RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM).



OF its kind and in its class, this picture—*De Staalmeesters*—is doubtless the finest in the world. When Rembrandt painted it in 1661, the years of his wealth and popularity had long gone by. He was no longer the fashionable painter of Amsterdam. Patrons had grown tired of his ever apparently rougher and, as they wrongly called it, more unfinished technique. They had grown to like smooth surfaces in paintings, an enamel-like working of the colours together. Rembrandt would pander to no such dictation. He would paint in his own fashion or not at all. The world now recognises that he was gloriously right, and that the men who neglected to employ him were foolishly and ridiculously wrong. Students have wondered how, under the circumstances, he ever gained the commission for this picture, for such employment at this time of his life seldom came his way. The painting of what are called Corporation Pieces was a regular branch of a Dutch portrait-artist's work in those days. Boards of Directors of Companies and charitable Institutions, and even whole societies were wont to have their portraits painted in groups. The necessary condition was that each individual, paying his equal share of the cost, should receive as nearly equal prominence in the picture as his neighbour. Rembrandt, in his so-called "Night Watch," failed to comply with this inartistic rule, and gave much offence in consequence. Here perhaps the con-

dition was insisted upon; it was certainly fulfilled. The result was the wonderful group before us, depicting the five directors and one employé of the Amsterdam Guild of Clothmakers. They are, as usual in such groups, engaged in verifying the Guild's accounts. All the Syndics wear black clothes, white collars, and large black hats. The tablecloth is red, the wall brown. It is the simplest kind of subject—just half-a-dozen men of business listening to the remarks of an unseen person and replying to him—but beneath the simplicity and reserve runs the very fire and passion of life. Each ordinary man is raised by the magic of the artist's treatment on to a plain far above the ordinary. They become notable human types, expressing the dignity of a bye-gone age, representing the countless vanished multitudes of their likes, the men who made the Holland of the 17th century and raised it to the point of honour that history will never forget to glorify. Seen through the eye of Rembrandt these men justify the reputation of their age. Sober and reticent were they; sober and reticent is the art that has immortalised them. Did they recognise how fine and rare it was? Apparently not. The picture made no stir in its own day, and led to no other commissions of the same kind for its great author. But there in the city of its origin the work stands, essentially immortal, a measureless honour to the artist and a great glory to the land that bore him.



JOHN HOPPNER.

THE SISTERS.

(SIR CHARLES TENNANT'S COLLECTION.)



THE young ladies depicted in this attractive picture were Marianne and Amelia, daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, of Thirkleby, Yorkshire. Their father was a naval officer of repute in his day, who saw service in the West Indies and became an Admiral. Afterwards he entered Parliament in 1749, as Member for Thirsk, which he represented till his death in 1784. Of his nineteen children, seven daughters grew up. The two before us died respectively in 1795 and 1800. The picture is beyond question one of the artist's most successful works, wherein efficient portraiture is combined with a decorative and pictorial charm. The landscape background forms a larger factor in the whole than was usual at the time. Not only does it serve the purpose

of setting the young ladies amid surroundings of pleasing forms and colours, but it is pretty in and for itself. It is scarcely necessary to point out to the intelligent amateur with how much cleverness the girls are grouped together, how well the lights and shadows are distributed between them, and with what rhythm the lines of the composition are endowed. The picture was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1795, the year in which Marianne Frankland died. Two years later it was engraved by William Ward. The print is now so highly prized that an example of it was recently sold for no less than five hundred guineas. The reproduction here issued is not inferior to that print, and admirably renders the original so far as it can be rendered in mere black and white.



MIRIAM & AZELIA
DAUGHTERS OF SIR T. FRANKLIN. 1844

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

PHILIP, FOURTH BARON WHARTON.

(HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG.)

Y general consent this picture is regarded as one of Van Dyck's most charming portraits. It was painted in 1632, the year in which Van Dyck came to England. No doubt he was then anxious to show the capabilities of his hand, and was glad to avail himself to that end of the chance offered by a commission to paint this handsome young nobleman. The age of Lord Wharton when he stood for this portrait was nineteen. He was either just married or just about to be married to the first of his three wives. By her he had a daughter who afterwards married the third Earl of Lindsey. It was doubtless through her that the replica of this picture came into the possession of her husband's family and is still preserved by them at Uffington. Lord Wharton at this time was held in high esteem by Charles I., who presented him with portraits of himself and the Queen. Later on he was to become a leader of the Parliamentarians. The picture under consideration was painted for himself and remained in possession of his family till the sale of the Duke of Wharton's collection of pictures in 1725.

It was then purchased by Sir Robert Walpole with a number of other Van Dycks. In 1779 it was bought by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. By the kindness of the Czar, English lovers of art enjoyed the privilege of seeing it at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1900. Lord Wharton was a consistent patron of Van Dyck, but he never again obtained from him a picture so charming as this. In the years 1637 to 1639 he employed the artist to paint for him a series of family portraits—twelve full-lengths and six half-lengths—for which he built a special gallery in his new house at Winchendon, near Aylesbury. Amongst the full-lengths was his own portrait, now to be seen at Panshanger. The portrait of his second wife is at Chatsworth. That of his younger brother went to St. Petersburg along with the picture here reproduced. It is greatly to be regretted that the splendid gallery at Winchendon was ever broken up. The extravagance of its last owner was the private cause of that national misfortune. The above particulars have been derived from Mr. Lionel Cust's monumental illustrated work on Van Dyck.



SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ANGELS.

(RACZYNSKI COLLECTION, BERLIN.)



WHETHER it has occurred to any superior person to abstract this beautiful picture from the list of Botticelli's works I cannot for certain say. Few pictures now-a-days escape such onslaughts, and many of them have deserved it. The picture under consideration, however, is so thoroughly imbued with Botticelli's spirit and with his singular grace and resourcefulness of design, that if it alone of all the master's works survived it would suffice to represent him at his best. Italian pictures of the period do not, as a rule, lend themselves kindly to reproduction in black and white. So much of their charm depends upon their colour and upon the skilful use of gold, that when these are taken away, the elements upon which the painter relied for his effect have vanished, and what remains is not a work of art at all. Fortunately Botticelli's pictures owe so much of their beauty to line, modelling, and texture—factors that can be photographically reproduced—that a translation of them into black and white is possible. The effect of the reproduction here given is not quite the same (colour apart) as that of the original, owing to the relative faintness of the lilies. They are more obvious in the painting. Indeed it is their singular grace and beauty that first fills a spectator's heart with joy. Botticelli and the painters in his immediate *entourage* used the lily for decorative purposes as no one ever used it before or since. The same fascinating artist was likewise

particularly happy in painting pictures of a circular form. Who does not remember his two roundels at Florence, which might well be called "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso"? This picture may almost be matched with them. The composition here falls easily into horizontal divisions; the crown and hands above, next the lilies and the Virgin's beautiful head, and then the rows of angels, four and four. Note how each group is finished off below by the bent arm of the angel in front. Botticelli, in this his early period, was still in the days when painting had not wholly emancipated itself from architecture and sculpture. This picture might be used for the design of a bas-relief. You could not so employ a Rubens, a Velasquez, or a Rembrandt. But the solemn Byzantinism of earlier days has gone. The freedom with which the angels' heads are grouped proves that. The simple action of the angel on the right, pointing with his lily-stem to the place in the book, shows how simple humanity was making its way into religious art. A generation or two more was to see the change completed, the Madonna become a human mother, and the angels mere boys and girls playing about her. It is one of the great charms of Botticelli that he occupies a position half-way between the old and the new, between the hieratic past and the naturalistic future. Thus the changes of ideals enrich the art of the world with all varieties of beauty, each in its turn.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER BABY

(DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COLLECTION)



HIS well-known picture, of which a replica exists at Windsor Castle, is the most popular of several portraits of the same famous lady, painted by Reynolds or Gainsborough at the culminating time of their powers. Gainsborough painted her in 1763 or 1764, when she looked like a very good and proper little girl, though with a touch of mischief in her expression. Twenty-two years later she had grown into this exuberant young mother, dancing her own laughing baby on her knee, while it tosses up its little hands and kicks out its little feet,—the incarnation of “all that ever was joyous and clear and fresh” upon this earth of ours. In Reynolds’ earlier pictures of Mother and Child we behold two separate individuals artificially linked together. By this time he had learnt to treat the difficult subject in more masterly fashion. No longer are we faced by an upright woman with anyone’s child seated upright on her lap. Mother and child now form parts, as it were, of a

single organism, and visibly belong to one another. They smile together with the same thrill of joy, move together with the same impulse of motion, and are wholly and visibly one in happy unity of life. Such works can only be produced by a mature artist, whose mind has been stored by years of much careful observation. In this connexion it is interesting to recall the picture painted by Reynolds in 1769 of this same lady, when a girl, and her mother, Margaret Georgiana Countess Spencer. The future Duchess there stands on a table and the Countess encircles her with her arms, while a fluffy dog sits begging close by. It is relatively formal work, a great contrast with that depicting the next generation, yet it has a naive charm and interest of its own. The later work is a universal favourite; beyond question one of the best pictures of the English school of the eighteenth century. No one cares now whether the likenesses were good or not; the picture is good, and that is all that posterity is interested to observe.



ALBRECHT DÜRER.

PORTRAIT OF HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER.

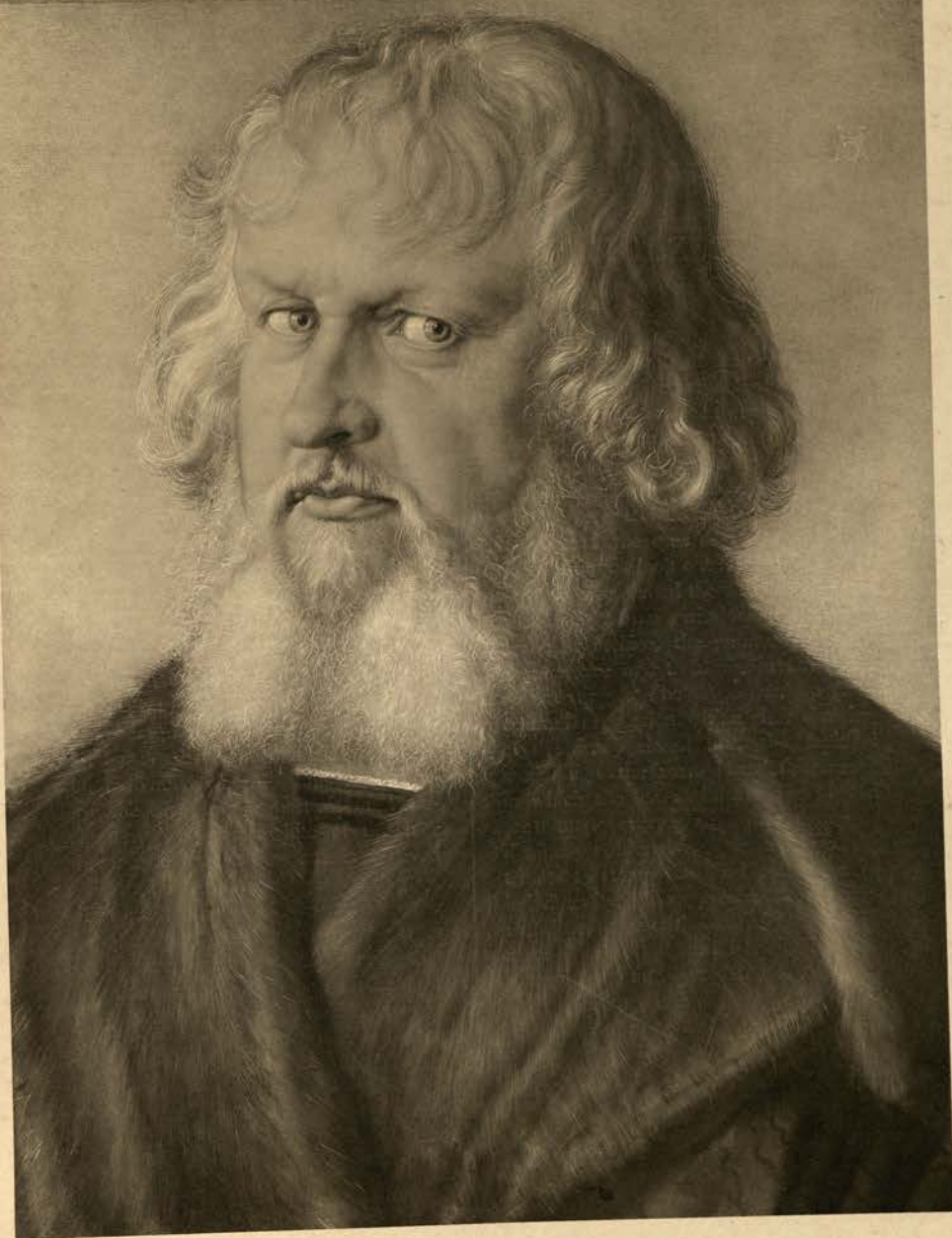
(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



HIS portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher, a leading personage in Nuremberg, was painted, as the inscription tells us, in the year 1526, when the man in question was fifty-two years old. The following is Dr. Bode's appreciation of it. "It is the pearl of all Dürer's portraits. Generally speaking, Dürer cannot be called one of the great colourists. He uses his brush as a draughtsman uses his pencil, and his colour has a metallic gleam which gives somewhat the effect of a painting on glass. Nevertheless in some of his best preserved panels the brilliancy and harmony of his colour has a special and individual charm. This is particularly the case in the portrait of Holzschuher. The dead white of the hair where it enframes the face is relieved against a background of light bluish-grey, which produces a vivid contrast to the deep brown of the fur garment. It is not, however, because of its colouring that this picture may rank as one of the most admirable portraits in the world. It owes no small share of its reputation to the

imposing personality of the man it represents, and to the remarkable way in which that personality has been depicted; for by the simplest means Dürer has succeeded in expressing the indomitable will and resolute temper of his model. To present this character still more effectively, Dürer has turned the eyes of Holzschuher so that the pupils look out from the corners, and has accentuated the whites by reflecting the light from a window in them. By a similar artifice, the painter gave the countenance of St. Mark, in the panel representing 'The Apostles,' a like unusual expression. The clear drawing of the firmly closed lips, the faultless modelling of the face and head, the manner in which the locks of the hair and beard are treated—every separate hair apparently distinctly rendered—all these things contribute to stamp the head with a special individuality. To appreciate the consummate perfection of the work, observe that when seen close it has all the delicacy of a miniature, and yet that when beheld from a distance it is none the less broadly effective and powerful."

HERONIMUS HOLTSCHNER ANNO DOMINI 1710
ETATIS SUE 72



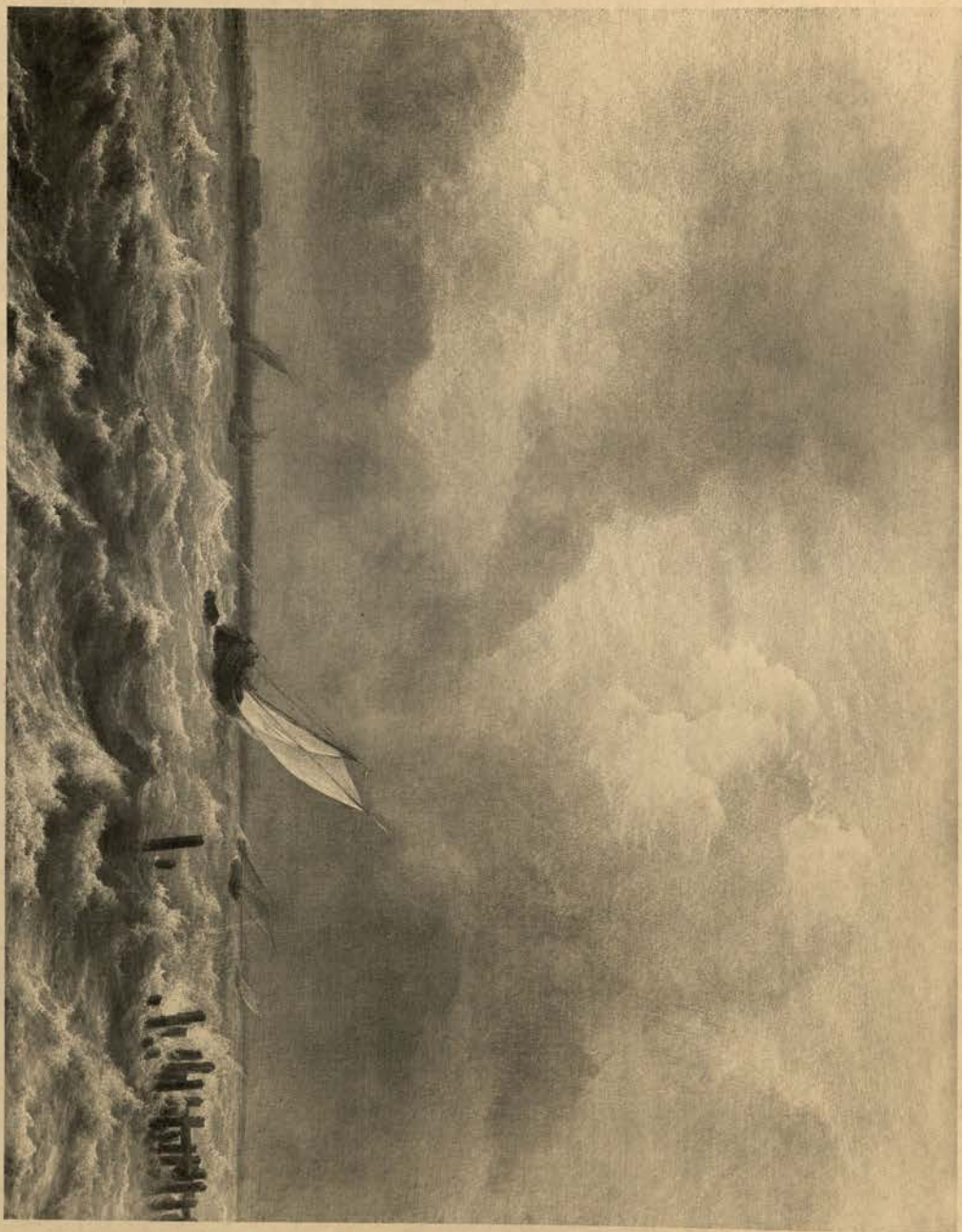
JACOB VAN RUIJSDAEL.

A FRESH BREEZE

(EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION).

“ WET sheet and a flowing sail, a wind that follows free,” such is the spirit expressed by this admirable painting, through which we almost hear the wind whistling and see the spindrift whirled. Sky, water, and air are full of motion, which all the stationary things only appear to measure. It is not a dangerous sea, but only a merry one, fit to string up the nerves and hasten the pulses. You may frolic with it if you are brave and skilful and strong enough; otherwise, the sooner you take shelter the better. To cover a picture thus all over with the painted image of a single idea—of a scene throughout imbued with a single spirit; to make every form, every colour, every flash of light and cove of shadow, an inevitable part of a single conception—this is no tyro's task. What summed-up years of acquired skill and

remembered observation it implied! What stored patience, what harvested labour, what thrift of enthusiasm! At length, in fulness of time, the ripe result is garnered in. Then, at last, work such as this becomes possible; triumphant performance such as this may be—yet even thus how seldom—assured. Ruijsdael in his best days painted many fine pictures, but not many so spontaneous, so complete, so “at a jet” as this. For another such would we not give most of his waterfalls and romantic landscapes? The joy of this oncoming storm must have rushed into him like a flood. Look at the dancing waves and see how the life in them almost laughs in your face. With what infinite variety of aqueous gesture the water casts itself aloft. There is no repetition, and yet the rule of the rolling sea governs every tiniest splash. It is indeed a picture to “say grace after.”



FRANCESCO FRANCIA.

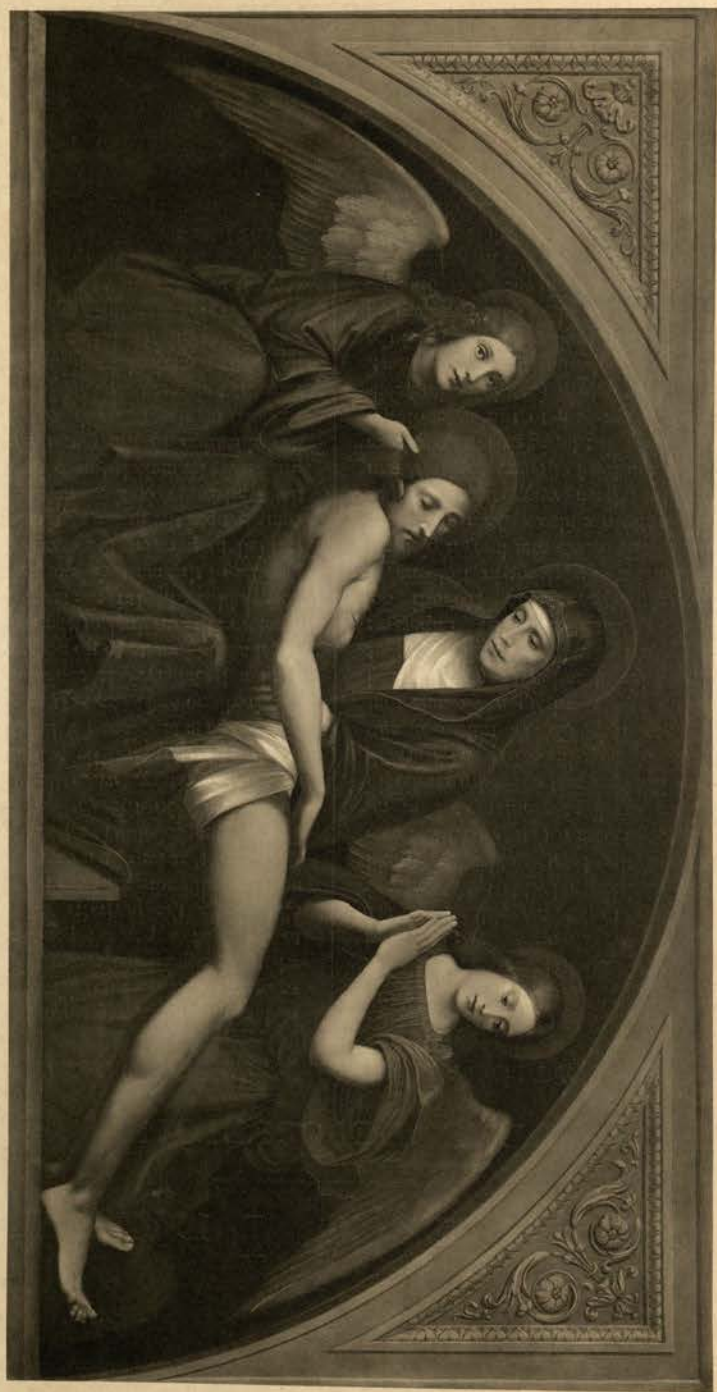
THE DEPOSITION.

(NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.)



FRANCESCO DI MARCO RAIBOLINI, called Il Francia, was born at Bologna in 1450, and brought up to be a goldsmith. He attained distinction in his craft, and was steward of the local goldsmiths' guild in 1483. But in that year, Lorenzo Costa, an excellent painter of Ferrara, came to Bologna and opened a studio in the same house where Francia worked. It appears that Costa's influence and friendship so worked upon Francia that he turned his attention to painting and soon began to attain distinction in that branch of art. Another important Ferrarese painter, Ercole Roberti de' Grandi, was also working in Bologna at this time. Francia's first known pictures show his influence also. As a goldsmith Francia had been very successful with niello-work, a kind of engraving. When he began to paint he at first adhered, as was to be expected, to the style of his nielli. His pictures for a long time continued to be marked by "the clear outline, the metallic and polished surface, and the minuteness of detail" to be expected of a goldsmith. But in process of time he attained more pictorial qualities, a greater suavity of outline, and rich, harmonious colouring. He never ceased to be proud

of his fame as a metal-worker, and was wont to describe himself as "Aurifex" when he signed his pictures. He came to excel as a portrait painter. In his altar-pieces the portraits of the donors are generally admirable. The customary statement that he was a correspondent of Raphael is probably founded upon forged documents. In the early years of the sixteenth century, when he was at the height of his powers, he painted his best picture, an altar-piece for the Church of S. Frediano at Lucca. It is now in the National Gallery. It consists of a large panel and a lunette to go above it. The lunette is the original of the reproduction now published. It is the most deservedly popular of the master's works. No one can fail to perceive the excellence of the composition, the grace of the forms, and the tenderness of the emotion here expressed. Francia belonged in heart and by education to the genuinely religious schools of the fifteenth century. He remained almost untouched by the worldliness that marked and indeed inspired and vivified the full Renaissance. The great devotional pictures are all of fifteenth century origin, painted at that time or by artists then formed. They possess qualities that no later age could imitate, and remain admirable for all time. Francia died in 1517.



LUCAS CRANACH.

REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



CRANACH was a great picture manufacturer, or rather he became a manufacturer as soon as he had made a reputation. He turned out pictures as a cobbler turns out boots. Portraits of Luther and Melancthon, pictures of Adam and Eve, mythological subjects, and what not—he had them ready for all comers, and very few of them were actually painted by himself. The basis of his credit was, however, the fact that he was in fact a good artist, and could paint well when he gave himself the time to do so. The picture here reproduced is, I believe, the earliest dated work by him that we possess. It was done in 1504, when he was thirty-two years old, and had still almost half a century of life before him; but after 1510 he went steadily downhill as a painter. As a designer of woodcuts he remained excellent. It is only in his prints that we find the freedom and the simplicity of this picture continued into later years. On the whole we may safely describe this as his masterpiece. It

is very richly coloured, the reds being unusually brilliant and enamel-like. The picture was till recently the glory of a German private collection; it has now found a worthy permanent home in that admirably managed institution, the Berlin Museum. The reader will recognise at first glance a certain, not unattractive, fantastic element in the design. This is no transcript of reality, but a fanciful dream of legendary personages in an imaginary world. The subject is derived from an Apocryphal Gospel; it was a favourite with German artists of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Often they show the fruit-trees bending down of themselves to offer sustenance to the travellers, and water gushing forth at their feet, whilst protecting and guiding angels hover overhead. Here the cherubs are the playfellows of the Child, for whom they gather flowers, and make music and song. The very trees are fantastic too. It is a charming work, of which the Germans are deservedly proud.



LEONARDO DA VINCI.

MONA LISA

(LOUVRE, PARIS).



HIS world-renowned portrait was completed about 1504, but the artist did not consider it finished. It had been in hand for four years. Leonardo never liked to part from his work. He was unwilling to finish. More and ever more seemed to be required, as the idea grew in his mind into a complexity as intricate and a detail as minute as Nature's own. That was a failing in him; for Art cannot equal or approach Nature in such qualities. A work of art is a vision of Nature, not a repetition of her. Mona Lisa was the daughter of Antonio Maria di Noldo Gherardini of Naples, and became the third wife of Zanobi del Giocondo. That is why she is often called La Gioconda. The picture was painted for the husband, but it soon became the property of Francis I. of France, who paid an extraordinary price for it. Thus it passed into the Louvre. Its high reputation is no modern growth. Raphael imitated this portrait almost as soon as it was painted. Vasari, who saw it before the colours had darkened and the shadows grown opaque, praised the wonderful minuteness of the work, and especially the marvellous rendering of the eyes. From his detailed account it appears that the colouring was originally transparent and much brighter than now. The story runs that the lady was entertained with music while she sat to the painter. If the

tale be an invention it is at least *ben trovato*. It is plain that the artist attempted to render not merely the normal aspect, but, as far as possible, the transient expression of his sitter, and it is this momentary quality that gives to the face its haunting look. Certainly the picture does lay hold upon those who look steadily upon it, with a strangely enduring grip. If anyone were to assert that he saw nothing unusual in it, it would be hard to reason him out of that opinion; and yet, as a plain matter of fact, the portrait does hold most spectators, does impress even the passing tourist, and is remembered when other far more immediately and obviously striking works are utterly forgotten. The landscape is of the weird sort this artist preferred, and that not because he did not study nature, but in spite of a more close and scientific study of landscape than any man had made before him. His peculiar rocks and strange meandering waters came to him by artistic descent from Verrocchio, and to him in turn, it is asserted, from Fra Angelico by way of Alessio Baldovinetti. But in Leonardo these unearthly shapes acquire a new significance and enter into his general visionary scheme of things. Here they form a decorative background, excellent for its purpose, to frame and set off the haunting presence of this enigmatic lady—"La belle Joconde."



ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE.

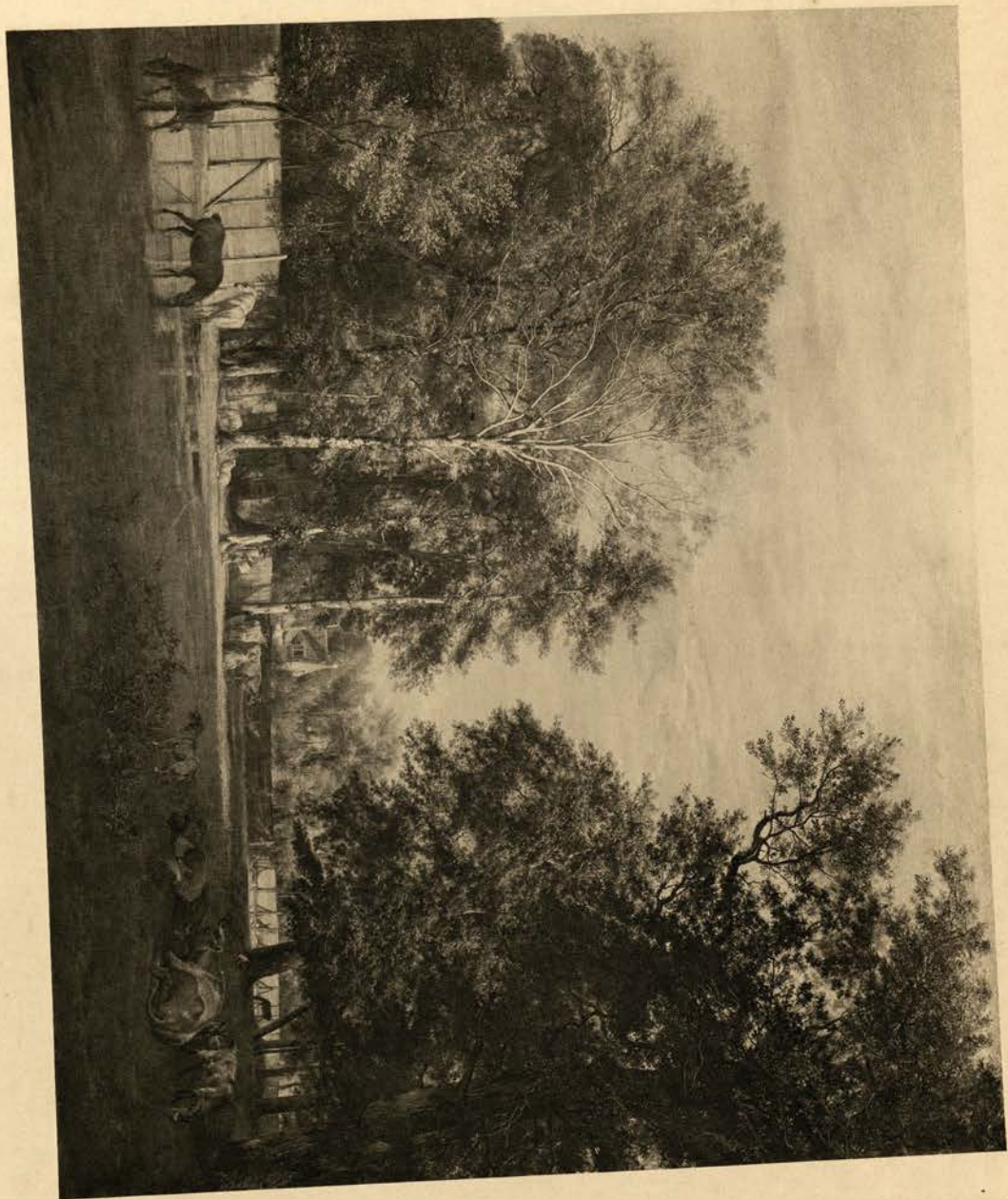
THE FARM.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



ADRIAEN was the son of the elder Willem Van de Velde, and was born at Amsterdam in 1639. So Houbraken tells us. He also relates that he was a pupil of Jan Wynants. His artistic growth was as rapid as his span of life was destined to be short. He was to die in his thirty-third year. He published etchings when he was only fourteen; before he was twenty he had painted several pictures, and thenceforward we possess dated works, some 200 in all, for every year of his life. He loved to paint the rich, level landscapes of his own country, peopled with cattle and peasants. These pictures now command very high prices; they were paid for cheaply enough when he had them to sell. Indeed, but for his wife's little linen shop, the family would have found it hard to keep the wolf from the door. He not only painted his own pictures, but he collaborated with other artists, such as the Ruijsdaels, Hackaert, Hobbema, Wynants, and others. The picture here reproduced is

an admirable example of his best work. It has only recently been acquired by the Berlin Museum, and is a worthy addition to the fine collection of Dutch pictures there gathered together. Surely there can be no need to direct anyone's attention to the patent beauties of this work. Its art is not recondite. The subject is of the simplest. Yet it was not mere good fortune that placed each component element of the scene in exactly the right position. A moment later and the horses and cows would have been in one another's way. The sunlight would not have fallen so happily. The woman would have finished milking the cow. The man would have gone round the corner. The window would have been shut in the farmhouse, and the general effect of the whole view would have been changed. To choose the right moment is one of a landscape artist's many problems. It was well chosen this time at any rate. The picture is signed and dated 1666. A picture at Frankfurt was perhaps painted as a *pendant* to it.



SIR HENRY RAE BURN.

MRS. HART.

(MAJOR HOTCHKIS'S COLLECTION.)



RS. HART was the daughter of Sir J. Montgomery of Stanhope, Lord Chief Baron of Scotland. She married Major Hart, of Castlemilk, in Dumfriesshire. The fine portrait of her here reproduced appears to have been painted about the year 1810. It does not therefore properly fall within the intended limits of the present publication, but we have stretched a point in its favour because it is a specially fine example of Raeburn's work, and because he, born in 1756, must be reckoned as belonging, artistically, to the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century. "More exclusively, perhaps, than any other artist of equal talent," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "Sir Henry Raeburn was a portrait painter. But if he has left nothing that can be described as other than a portrait, his pictorial sense was so active that each

of his finer things, vital though it is with biographical interest, is a picture also—at once admirable biography and great art." There is little to be said about his artistic development. He began as a painter of miniatures, but soon took to work on a larger scale. He attained success at an early age, and his powers increased with steady growth thenceforward. It is difficult to point to any decade as the time of his culmination, for his powers never suffered decline. The work here reproduced shows the ample simplicity of his large style of composition, the certainty and boldness of his modelling, the insight he possessed into character, and the richness and harmony of his colouring. The freedom and decorative quality of his touch will be observed in the foliage that adorns the sky. The picture is in the possession of the grandson of the lady portrayed.





FRANCESCO JOSÉ DE GOYA.

DR. PERAL.

(MR. GEORGE DONALDSON'S COLLECTION.)



GOYA was a wild genius, whose pictures are often as horrible as they are clever. He was a man of passion, a frequent partaker in brawls and combats, well acquainted with bloodshed. But he was also a painter of astonishing skill. An artistic gift, such as he possessed, is often so intimately combined with a passionate nature that the one seems the necessary concomitant of the other. Goya and Cellini are examples of this type of character. The one was as much at home in the wild times of the French Revolution as the other was in Rome of the sixteenth century. Goya painted with great facility and has left a multitude of pictures, most of them in Spain. His most characteristic paintings are of carnivals, bull-fightings, and fantastic subjects, but he painted also some two hundred portraits. He was, besides, a prolific etcher and engraver. Etching suited his swiftness of hand surprisingly well. His set of prints called "The Caprices" is his best work of the kind. He lived through the

Napoleonic campaigns, and published a series of seventeen prints entitled, "The Disasters of War," things as fascinatingly repulsive and as clever as can be imagined. His portraits, on the other hand, are often of a very quiet and even dignified character—simple family groups of a mother surrounded by her girls, and admirably characterised likenesses of men and women. A fine portrait of the painter Bayen, in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, is deservedly famous. England possesses few of Goya's pictures. The portrait here reproduced has not long been in this country. It was exhibited at the Guildhall in 1901 and attracted much attention. There is nothing theatrical about it. It is a sane vision of a man of strong character painted with much directness. The man lives. Pose and expression match. The treatment harmonises with both. It is clearly a work of the painter's mature years. He lived to be seventy-two, and only died in 1828, so we can hardly call him an "old master."



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

(WINDSOR CASTLE.)



THE personages here represented are H.R.H. Ernest Augustus, Duke, and Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, walking arm-in-arm, with Lady Elizabeth Luttrell seated in the background. The picture, I am told, is sometimes called "The Mall," but it must not be confused with Sir Algernon Neeld's famous Gainsborough, representing ladies and gentlemen promenading in the Mall of St. James' Park. The personages here depicted are in some private or royal park, not in a populous London resort. The general arrangement of the principal pair is the same, reversed, as that of Squire Hallett and his wife in Gainsborough's acknowledged masterpiece, "The Morning Walk," which belongs to Lord Rothschild. The figures here, however, are on a smaller scale, and are also smaller in proportion to the rest of

the canvas. The landscape is of correspondingly greater importance, and is indeed admirable. Gainsborough's first pictures of members of the Royal Family were portraits of the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester, painted in or shortly after 1777. It was probably through them that he was brought under the notice of George III., and presently became, as Reynolds never was, the favourite Court painter. The picture before us possesses qualities that remind us of Watteau, of whom, when painting in this style, he is a worthy rival. We may regret the awkward fashion of the Duchess' dress, and may wish that she was attired like the sweet-looking girl in the background; but we cannot deny that the picture, taken as a whole, is delightful, and that result was all that the artist was concerned to attain. The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1777.



JAN STEEN.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.)



HIS picture bears the signature of the artist, a most unnecessary authentication, for it is signed, as the saying goes, "all over." It is one of Jan Steen's happiest efforts, alike characteristic of his special gifts and his joyous spirit, and at the same time pleasing and sympathetic to many who revolt against the coarseness in which he so frequently indulged. Coarseness, however gross, may be justified if it is essential to a great man's art. The world has agreed to admire Sterne, Jan Steen, and many more, notwithstanding their outspoken statement of disagreeable facts. But here there is nothing to call for excuse, and much to delight the purest and simplest of heart. The picture admits us to a Dutch home, one Christmas eve, when the gifts of Santa Claus have just been distributed. I imagine the lad in the background to be pointing up the chimney to show the baby where they are supposed to have come from. All are well content except

the schoolboy whose gift has been a birch-rod, and who is booby enough to cry over the joke. The little girl in front is evidently the family pet, to judge by her well-filled bucket of gifts and the fine sainted doll she so lovingly grasps. The light also illuminates and glorifies the mother. Many of the faces are familiar to us from other of the artist's pictures. To judge by one at the Hague they are members of his own family. It is pleasant to think what good times such merry folk must often have had together. They had hard times also, as we know, but Jan Steen's spirits were inexhaustible, and if all he had to bring home was a herring and a couple of onions he came dancing with them into the room with an irresistible gaiety which the hardest hearted housewife had to share. For all Jan Steen's recklessness, drunkenness, and folly, the world is to this day a happier place for his having lived in it. Of how many respectable citizens can the same be said?



DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ.

VENUS WITH THE MIRROR.

(MR. H. E. MORRITT'S COLLECTION.)



PANISH artists seldom painted the nude. Doubtless they recognised, as all fully developed artists recognise, that the nude human figure is the greatest subject provided for them by nature. Like the Italians they would gladly have painted it; but the narrow-minded bigotry of the Inquisition interfered to prevent them. This work, therefore, is an exception amongst the pictures by Velasquez. It was a royal order. What the ecclesiastics forbade to the general run of men they permitted Philip IV. to enjoy. He had inherited a similar picture which was hanging in his bed-chamber. That had been painted by Titian at the command of Philip II. Its subject was the same as this, but the lady faces the spectator. Velasquez no doubt had that picture in his mind when he painted this. Titian painted several pictures of Venus, and his imitators made many more, all of one type, which may be called the Venetian. The Venetian Venus is a voluptuous beauty of ample proportions, very different from this delicate, probably Andalusian girl, with her slender waist and neck, her small

extremities, her well-poised head. Whereas Titian lays stress upon the soft surface of the flesh he paints, Velasquez insists upon its outline. The dominant feature in the picture before us is the silhouette of the figure. She is laid upon dark drapery in order to emphasise that. We almost resent the reflection of her face in the mirror, so much lovelier is the suggestion of it implied by the back view of the head. Probably the well-known Roman statue of the Hermaphrodite supplied Velasquez with his first idea for this Venus. He brought a cast of that from Rome with him. But neither classical antiquity nor Titian gave him more than a hint. His work is essentially original, as was all the work of his mature years. He saw in a way that no other man had ever seen before, and he painted with a technique invented by himself to match and express his own ideals. This picture was never really at home in Spain. It drifted out of the royal collection, and was ultimately sold. Justi says that the ancestor of the present owner bought it on the recommendation of Sir Joshua Reynolds.



GEORGE ROMNEY

MISS RAMUS.

(HON. W. F. D. SMITH'S COLLECTION.)



HERE is a picture which may demand undisputed right of entry into any collection of great works of art. It possesses a classical quality rare in paintings of the eighteenth century. This lady would not be out of place in an assemblage of Roman beauties. Romney, in his best period, was very economical of details. He designed his figures on large lines and contented himself with a bold indication of masses and planes. He suggested modelling by the justness of his draughtsmanship rather than by minute indication of solid form. This method sometimes produces a sketchy effect. But in a figure such as this, where the pose is so noble, the massing of the parts so dignified and finely proportioned, the outlines so elegant and severe, the addition of detail would only

have detracted from the breadth of the whole. The background is therefore of the simplest—no multiplicity of foliage, no forest glades, nothing but dark sky above and the least possible indication of the earth below. An instructive comparison may be made between this portrait and Ghirlandaio's, published in an earlier number of the series. They have many essential qualities in common. Miss Ramus was a member of a prominent family, several of whom were painted by Romney about 1780. She married the second son of the Duc de Noailles. Her husband became French Ambassador in England in 1776, and stayed here for seven years. After the Revolution he retired into private life, and died in London in 1822. His wife survived him till 1848.



ANDREA SOLARIO.

MADONNA WITH THE GREEN CUSHION.

(LOUVRE, PARIS.)



ANDREA SOLARIO was a Milanese painter, born about the year 1460. He learnt his art from some unknown teacher, and then came under the influence of Leonardo da Vinci, who powerfully impressed him, as the work here reproduced sufficiently proves. The extraordinary finish and solidity of his modelling will be noticed. The fact that his brother was an accomplished sculptor is to be remembered in this connection. In 1490 both brothers went to Venice and remained there three years. Thenceforward elements derived from Alvise Vivarini and Antonello are apparent in Andrea's pictures. The landscape in the one under consideration is obviously derived from the Netherlands through Venice. It is probable, indeed, that Solario studied some of the many works of Netherlands artists which at that time were common in North Italy. He may even have met a travelling Flemish

painter. Some of his landscape backgrounds resemble the work of Patinir. From 1507 to 1509 he worked at Amboise on the Loire, painting frescoes in the beautiful chapel of the château; but they have been destroyed. Morelli suggests that he may afterwards have visited the Low Countries, and fallen under the influence of Quentin Matsys. The Madonna and Child before us are thoroughly Leonardesque, but in expression of emotion they are characteristically Solario's. He loved to dwell on the emotional side of his subjects. His pictures of Christ crowned with thorns, such as that in the Poldi collection at Milan, or one in my own possession, are remarkable for their pathos. He was a very careful painter, designing his works with much thought and carrying them to a high degree of finish in detail. This picture is doubtless his most popular work. His portraits are likewise much and deservedly admired. He is believed to have died about 1520.



JOHANNES VERMEER OF DELFT.

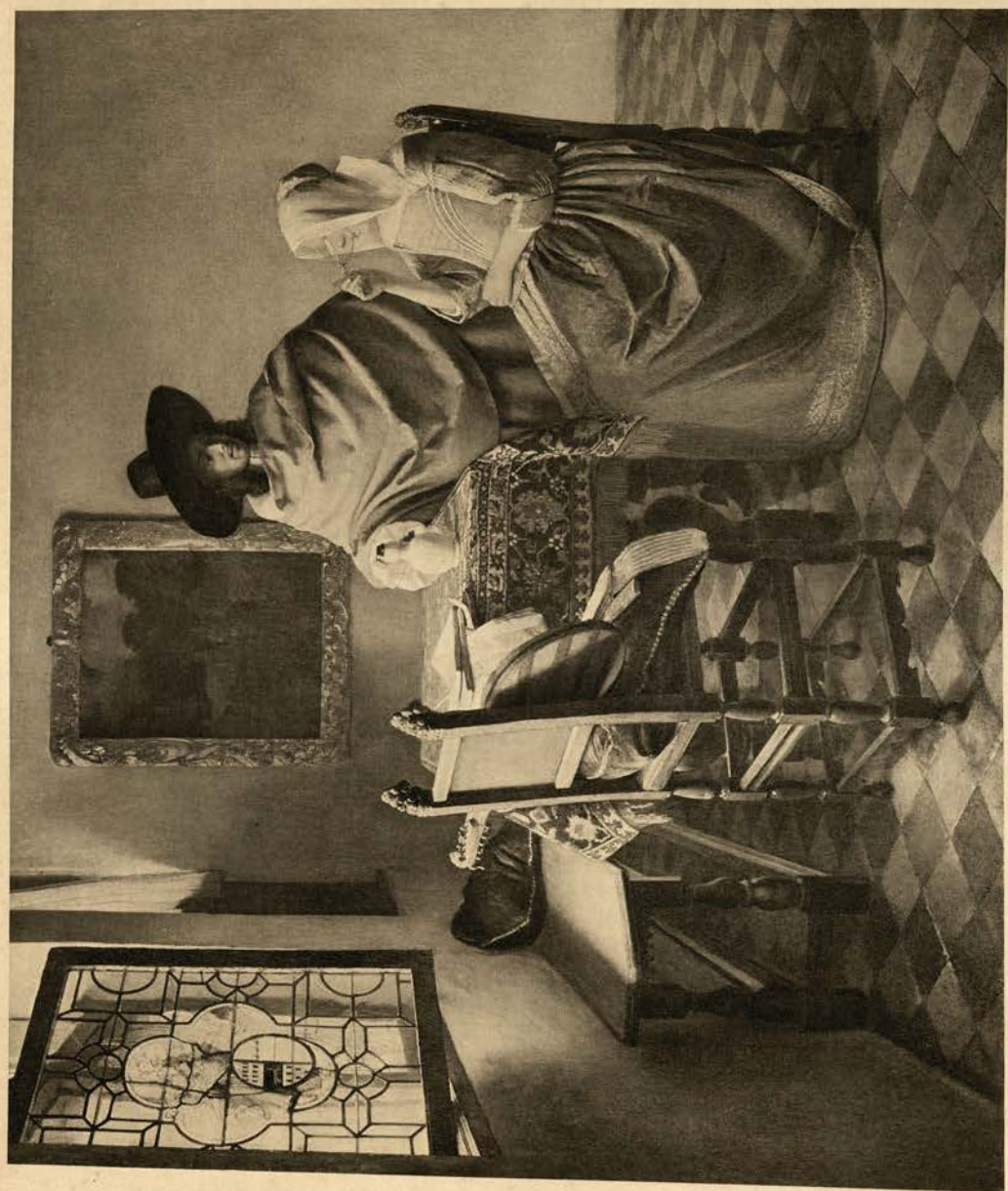
INTERIOR OF A ROOM.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



IT is probable that the room into which we are here permitted to look was a room in Vermeer's own house, for the decorated window on the left appears, not only in this picture, but in others by the same artist at Munich, Brunswick, and in the Frick Collection in the United States—sometimes with and sometimes without the coat of arms. The same chairs are found in the last mentioned picture and in others in the collections of Mr. Rudolf Kann, in Paris, Mr. Johnson, in Philadelphia, and the galleries of Amsterdam and Dresden. The people may be the same as in the Brunswick picture, but one cannot be certain of that. Vermeer was not an artist who had to hunt far and wide for subjects to paint. His own simple house gave him subjects enough for a life-time. It seems to have been a comfortable middle-class abode with plain white walls, tessellated floors, tiled in some rooms and with black and white marble squares in others, after the common Dutch fashion. I was told in

Holland that the frequency of marble-paved halls and rooms there is due to the fact that marble was carried as ballast in Dutch ships, in the seventeenth century, coming from the Mediterranean laden with silk. A little study of Vermeer's pictures almost enables us to reconstitute his house. Perhaps one might be able to find it still standing in the attractive town of Delft, which has preserved so many of its old houses intact. The painting of interiors was a pleasant habit of Dutch artists. They show us the picturesqueness that an educated eye may find in the ordinary surroundings of simple life. Modern rooms, with their over-elaboration, their superfluity of ill-designed furniture, their too common incongruities of colour and arrangement, are not found so inviting by contemporary painters. The fact is surely one worth consideration, even though it be admitted that more comfort is attained now. But are comfort and æsthetic charm mutually exclusive? Proofs enough exist that this is not necessarily the case.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

(RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.)



WE have preserved the customary name of this famous picture, though it is incorrect. It is not a night but a day scene that is here depicted in the bold chiaroscuro of Rembrandt's mature style. The personages depicted are the Company of Arquebusiers of Captain Frans Banning Cocq and Lieutenant Willem van Ruytenburg. Captain and lieutenant are prominent in the midst. The picture bears the artist's signature and date, 1642. It is his largest and most important work. Originally it hung in the Kloveniersdoelen, for which it was painted, then from 1715 in the old Townhall. Now it is the greatest treasure of the Dutch National Collection of Pictures. The men who commissioned this painting wanted a group of portraits of themselves, in which each should recognise his own face and be recognised by his friends and relations. Such groups were commonly painted at the time, the type descending with unbroken continuity from those wings of altar-pieces with rows of the donors' portraits which were common in the sixteenth century. Frans Hals was almost the only painter who could give almost equal prominence to every head in a large composition, and yet produce a fine work of art. Rembrandt similarly succeeded with "The Syndics" which we have already reproduced in this series. Here, by violating the unwritten terms of

his contract, he simultaneously offended his patrons and produced one of the world's great masterpieces of painting. Few of the persons in the picture, except the two officers, are individually prominent. One man's face is covered by another's arm. Probably he would have preferred that all his features should have gone down to posterity together, even if painted with less art. The figures of many are lost in shadow. Only thus could a fine composition in Rembrandt's best manner be produced. It is easy for us to pour contempt on the burghers who were dissatisfied with this grand picture. Yet we must admit that it was not what they wanted, and they were human beings after all. Our *amour propre* is not hurt; theirs was. We can rejoice at what offended them. Many a great portrait, at which the world now wonders, disgusted the sitter. But all sitters die, sooner or later, and the generations that follow care much for a good picture and nothing at all for a good likeness of someone they never knew. This is why so many bad artists have been popular portrait-painters in their day. There is an old copy of "The Night Watch" by Ger. Lundens in the National Gallery. It contains two more figures on the left, giving rise to the probably erroneous belief that Rembrandt's picture has been cut down. Another fine old copy of it is in New York in the collection of Mr. Harold Henderson.



TINTORETTO.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. MARK.

(ACCADEMIA, VENICE.)



TINTORETTO was the most Shakespearian of all Italian artists. His power of creation was almost unique. Few artists ever equalled him in the multitude of imagined figures that have sprung into visible existence from a human brain. It is not merely that the number of his pictures is exceptional, nor that their average size is above any other painter's average, but that they are peopled by an unexampled multitude of figures—all different, all apparently alive, all individual in pose, character, gesture, expression. His great "Paradise" in the Doge's Palace contains a countless throng of human beings, whose very multitude oppresses rather than impresses the ordinary beholder. The work here reproduced is perhaps his most popular, but is by no means his best picture. It is more solidly finished and better preserved than most of his paintings, and the fact that he was proud of it is proved by the introduction

of his own portrait into the foreground on the left. St. Mark, as all the world knows, was the great patron of Venice. The Venetians in their great days were extraordinarily greedy for the relics of Saints. They prized those of St. Mark more than the whole of the rest of their large and varied collection. To St. Mark they dedicated their precious cathedral. Amongst all the artists of Venice, Tintoretto chiefly devoted himself to painting incidents in St. Mark's legend. In every case the subject is dramatically conceived, and the moment chosen is one of energetic action. Like Rembrandt, Tintoretto loved the romance of light, and was willing to purchase brilliancy at the necessary cost of dark shadows. He painted fast and thin. Time has swallowed up in its own gloom much that he did. But enough remains to prove how great he was, not merely in fertility of invention and power of expression, but in capacity for imagining and creating beauty.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

ELIZABETH, VISCOUNTESS FOLKESTONE.

(MRS. GEORGE HOLT'S COLLECTION.)



HE lady here portrayed by Gainsborough, about 1775, was the eldest daughter of Robert, Lord Romney. She was born in 1711. In 1741 she became the second wife of Sir Jacob de Bouverie, who was made Viscount Folkestone in 1747. Her son Philip Bouverie-Pusey was the father, and she therefore the grandmother, of the famous Oxford Professor, Dr. Edward Pusey, who is so well remembered in connection with the "Oxford Movement." She died in 1782. Her husband, Lord Folkestone, was the first President of the Society of Arts. Gainsborough also painted his portrait, for the Society, in 1776. It was not done from the life (he died in 1765), but after an original by Hudson. It is a full-length. The picture gave much satisfaction, and perhaps that was how the widow came to employ the artist to portray her. It would be difficult to find amongst all Gainsborough's portraits of women, many of them young and beautiful, a more solidly

attractive work than this. It is indeed masterly in all respects, easy and dignified in pose, delightful in the treatment of the costume, skilfully handled throughout, and obviously truthful in its rendering of character. Gainsborough troubled himself little about the characters and expressions of the Society beauties, who sat to him in such numbers. But here was a face that evidently interested him. He lingered over the features and modelled all the forms with care. The hands are not individual, as Holbein would have made them, but the face is almost Holbeinesque as a careful character study. The picture passed from the possession of the Bouverie family into that of the late Mr. George Holt, of Liverpool. In the collection he formed it is worthily preserved amongst many other works of high artistic rank. It was recently exhibited at the fine loan collection brought together in the Birmingham Art Gallery.



DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ.

DON FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

(PRADO, MADRID.)



ON FERDINAND was third son of Philip III., and brother of Philip IV. of Spain. He was the handsomest, the cleverest, the kindest, and the most courtly member of his house in his day. Born in 1609, he was made Archbishop of Toledo nine years later, and a Cardinal at the age of eleven. His unattractive eldest brother was a great sportsman, and so was Don Ferdinand. Almost the only good times they seem to have had were when they went hunting. This picture is one of three, painted as companions, the other two being similar portraits of Philip IV. and the young Don Baltazar, likewise dressed in sporting attire. They hung together in a room in the Torre de la Parada, with a series of hunting pictures, all now in the Prado, except such as may have been destroyed. The Torre de la Parada was plundered in 1710 in the War of the Succession. The three portraits are deservedly famous. In each there is a finely painted dog; indeed, the

dogs are as interesting as the men, princes though they be. All have landscape backgrounds, perhaps of country in the neighbourhood of the Escorial. It appears that the pictures were not all painted at one time, though all seem to have been finished together a few years after Don Ferdinand had left Spain. His head was clearly painted from the life and his figure at least sketched in about 1628, but the pose of his legs was afterwards changed, the left being drawn back instead of advanced. All the painting of the costume is done in Velasquez' most masterly manner, with the freedom of his more developed powers after his first Italian journey. When Don Ferdinand was resident in Flanders (1636—1641) he was often painted by Rubens, Van Dyck, and other great artists of that country, but in no picture is he more happily portrayed than here, in the bloom of his youth, Cardinal Archbishop though he was. One wonders whether he would have chosen the Church for his profession if the choice had been his.





WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT.

(SOANE MUSEUM, LONDON.)



HIS is the first of a well-known set of four pictures of incidents in an election, painted by Hogarth in 1755. They belonged to Garrick, and were praised by Charles Lamb, who called this picture "matchless." The series was engraved in the same year and widely sold. The election in question was that of 1754, as the references to the "Jew Bill" and "Marriage Act" prove. "Give us our Eleven Days" refers to the recent change in the calendar (in 1752). On the left we see the two candidates, members of the Court party. The rival candidates' procession is passing along the street. They are being saluted with slops and stools, and are replying with brickbats, one of which has apparently cannoned off the head of the stout vice-president, and knocked his neighbour, the agent, off his seat. There is not a figure introduced that is not made to contribute to the satire. Every legend is to the point. The mixture of classes, the abominable servility of the gentlefolks, the coarseness and degradation of the free and

independent electors, the debauchery, all are expressed with admirable skill and lucidity. Under the window is a man amusing some rustics with a comic face made on his hand. Hogarth stated that this was the only portrait in the picture. It represents Sir John Parnell, and was inserted at his own request. The others are mere types founded upon general observation. They are exaggerated, of course, but only so far as to make them serve the artist's purpose. Of the skill with which this crowd of people is grouped and painted it is hardly necessary to say anything; yet such is the interest of the picture as a human document that the art of it is likely to be overlooked. Contemporary artistic prejudice has taught us to say that subject is matter for literature not for art—as though literature were not itself as much an art as painting, and largely governed by the same laws. Hogarth thought otherwise, and his high and rightly increasing reputation justifies his judgment. I have taken the facts about this picture from Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable Memoir of Hogarth.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

A MAN IN ARMOUR.

(GLASGOW CORPORATION GALLERY.)



HIS magnificent picture was painted, as the signature and date upon it prove, in the busiest and perhaps most productive year of Rembrandt's life, 1655. That was before financial misfortunes overtook him, involving the sale of his fine collections. The splendid helmet here depicted was no doubt copied from, or based upon, one belonging to the artist. He loved splendid things for the joy of their aspect, not from a merely miserly point of view; and who was ever better entitled to possess them by right of being better able to use them than others could? Over the armour the model wears a neckcloth of golden-green and a dark red cloak lined with green. This picture, like so many other fine works, once belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds. The canvas has been enlarged all round, but we do not know when the addition was made. In this same year, 1655, Rembrandt painted one, probably two other pictures of models posed in armour. The undated example is at St. Petersburg, and is very similar to this, except that the head is turned some-

what towards the spectator, and softened to represent a woman. The owl on the crest of the helmet and the Medusa on the shield show that she is Minerva. It has been suggested that the Glasgow picture was correspondingly intended for Mars. What title we like to give to it is, however, perfectly immaterial. It is not what the thing is called that matters, but the glorious thrill that it causes to one who beholds it. Where will you find a nobler gravity of impression produced by a more splendid combination of rich colours and a more lightning-like illumination? No less fine is the third Warrior of this year, the figure, in the picture at Cassel, leaning upon his spear. His armour is not this coat, nor is he the same model. He wears neither helmet nor gauntlets, but the same grave nobility inspires his aspect, and a similar magic of light plays upon his face and glints off the metal upon him. With such pictures before us it is difficult not to agree with the saying, "The only right materials for a man's attire are leather and steel."



GIORGIONE.

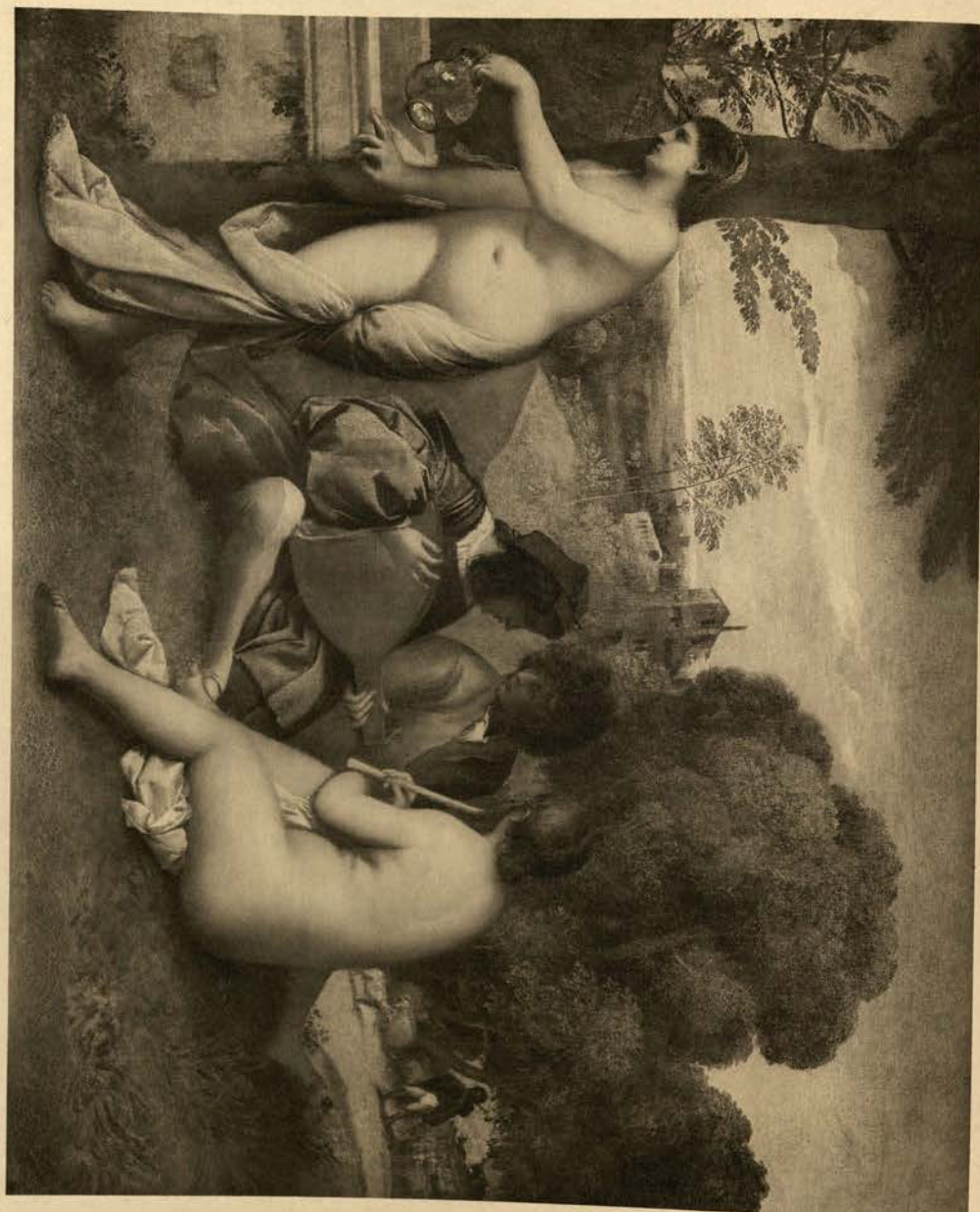
THE CONCERT.

(LOUVRE, PARIS.)



HIS lovely picture was for years regarded as in all respects representative of the fascinating master whose name it bears. The present generation, however, with its all-questioning incredulity, has not allowed even this attribution to pass unchallenged. Attempts have been made to transfer it to the list of Campagnola's works, or to some other imitator of the great master. Such attempts, however, have not met with acceptance, nor are they likely to be more successful hereafter. If another than Giorgione painted this gorgeous picture, he deserves to rank among the gods. For by general admission the picture is of highest beauty. Where can you find more transcendent colouring? Where a happier fancy? a more complete understanding of what paint can be made to effect? It is above all things the work of a painter—a man whose mind expressed itself completely through the medium of paint. The effect cannot be described. No form of words covers it. It does not illustrate any possible literature. It is no translated poem; nor is it a transcript of actual life.

It is conceived in the realm of fancy, and there incorporated. It reflects a mental vision. The trees, the houses, the people, the costumes, the foreground and distant view, may have been and were suggested by natural objects, just as our own day-dreams are suggested by our experiences. But day-dreams would be worthless if they did not transcend experience. The visions of a painter should be common persons' day-dreams, infinitely elevated and glorified. Who would not wish to be able to see the visions of a Giorgione? In the presence of this picture one such vision, at least, can be beheld and shared by the dullest. It matters nothing what the picture is about, what suggested it, or who were the personages. Thus Giorgione saw them in the world of his fancy. And what a world that was! How fair a landscape; how delightfully peopled! Because he could paint, magically, inimitably, he could unlock the door and let us peep in. Generations before us have had a like privilege. They have looked and praised. There is no demand on us to do aught else.



JAN VAN EYCK.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE.

(NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.)



Of few pictures can the epithet "epoch-marking" be more justly applied than to this.

Not only did it sum up and express the artistic strivings and ideals of Jan Van Eyck, not only was it the culminating example of his laboriously acquired dexterity in the handling of a new technical process of painting, but it created a standard, evidently recognised by artists of succeeding generations. How often we find during the next two centuries definite echoes of this picture in the works of other men. The very details frequently recur, showing how continuously the picture was studied. The dog, the mirror, the string of beads, the chandelier, the window, the oranges on the sill—we find them all occurring in later works. Such details, of course, are not in themselves important, but they are easily recognised proofs of the abiding influence of the work. It was the distribution of light and shade, the veracious study of actuality, the perfect finish of the whole: it was these fundamental qualities that the Van Eycks contributed to the foundation on an enduring basis of the great Netherlands school of painting. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Terborch, Jan Steen, Peter de Hoogh, and the rest, are all here in embryo. Moreover this is in no sense a primitive work. It is a complete exposition of the artist's ideal. It lacks no technical quality required for

such expression. Some qualities it does lack, formal beauty for example, such as the Greeks and Italians attained; but that was not a quality that entered into the Van Eyck domain. The beauty that Jan Van Eyck sought was the beauty of absolute truth. Let his models be as ugly as you please, he would yet set them down just as he saw them, even with emphasis of their ugliness, and would yet avail to make his picture of them a thing that all the world acknowledges to be beautiful. The occasion of the painting was, no doubt, the marriage of the pair. The husband was the representative in Bruges of a Lucca merchant house. His wife, Jeanne de Chenany, may have been a relative of Jan Van Eyck's wife. The two resembled one another, and there are other indications of a near relation between the two families. Thus, perhaps, friendship added to the artist's pleasure in his work. In the mirror a man and woman can be seen just entering to visit the bride and bridegroom. Over it are the words inscribed on the wall, "Jan Van Eyck was here. 1434." Probably, then, the visitors are the painter and his wife. The room here depicted was in existence not long ago at Bruges, and may still exist. In its ceiling Mr. Weale saw the very ring from which the chandelier hangs, and I have heard it said that the actual chandelier belonged to the late Dr. Lippmann, in Berlin.



SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

THE BLESSED HERMAN JOSEPH.

(VIENNA GALLERY.)



THINK it was Morelli who first called attention to the effect upon art produced by the Jesuit order. From the thirteenth century to the eighteenth every great religious movement is broadly and plainly reflected in the art of the period. The Franciscan movement produced Giotto, the Dominican Fra Angelico. When the Jesuit order became powerful it was eager to enlist art upon its side. A typical Jesuit church in the great days of the order resembled a finely decorated and furnished room. The Jesuits made worldly pomp and ceremony subserve their ends. Similarly with what I may call Jesuit pictures, they adapted the pagan forms of the full Renaissance to religious ends. For Venuses they had reading Magdalens in the desert. Their groups of sacred personages might have been assemblages of Olympian gods. The picture before us is a work of this kind. It depicts a legend and incarnates a religious idea, but the forms are essentially pagan. No meagre saints worn with fasting, no slender and ethereal angels,

but solid, finely developed human beings play the parts assigned to them. Compare such a picture as this with one by Fra Angelico or with a fourteenth century miniature, and the contrast will be obvious. Van Dyck painted this work in 1630, at Antwerp, after his Italian journey and before he came to England. Two years earlier, when his sister died and he made his will, he affiliated himself to the Confraternity of Celibates, which had been formed under the Jesuit rule at Antwerp. For that confraternity he painted a pair of pictures—this one and “St. Rosalie Crowned with a Wreath by the Infant Christ.” The pictures hung in the Jesuit Hall till the order was suppressed in 1776, when they were purchased by the Empress Maria Theresa. They have been at Vienna ever since. They may be regarded as amongst Van Dyck’s most attractive religious pictures. The subject of the one reproduced is the mystic marriage of the Blessed Herman Joseph. The Virgin is giving him a ring. He wears the white habit of the Premonstratensian Order.



FERDINAND BOL.

THE REGENTS OF THE LEPROSY HOSPITAL.

(STAATSHUIS, AMSTERDAM.)



FERDINAND BOL was born at Dortrecht in 1616. He went to Amsterdam and learnt his art there in the studio of Rembrandt before 1640. Rembrandt not only educated but also inspired him, and as long as the inspiration lasted he remained a considerable artist. Shortly after 1650, however, he began to decline, and became a mere cold imitator of his great teacher. A similar decay is observable in Nicolaes Maes, another of Rembrandt's followers. The reason was probably the same in both cases—Rembrandt's loss of fashionable approval. Both artists, conscious of Rembrandt's lessening popularity, trimmed their sails to catch the fickle breeze of popular favour. It appears that they succeeded. Bol, at all events, grew rich. He became the fashionable portrait-painter of the upper classes of Amsterdam. He had a fine house on the Keizersgracht, with stables behind it, and all things convenient; whilst Rembrandt was sinking into poverty and painting more and more glorious works to his own immortal honour. The fine Corporation-piece here reproduced is one of Bol's two masterpieces. The other is "The Pearl Necklace," containing portraits of a gentleman and his wife, now in Lord Northbrook's Collection. Both pictures are dated 1649, which must be regarded as the culminating point in the artist's career. Bol was married in 1653, and died at Amsterdam in 1680. The dates

of his birth and death are often wrongly stated as 1611 and 1681. The picture under consideration represents the four Regents of the Amsterdam Leprosy Hospital, in which institution it used to hang. It now adorns the Burgomaster's room in the Town Hall, and is not commonly seen by tourists. Time has darkened it considerably, but its fine qualities of light and composition are still evident, and are well rendered in our reproduction. The four Regents are seated at a table, which is covered with a handsome Oriental carpet. They appear to be men of kindly and sympathetic disposition. An officer of the Hospital is bringing before them a child who carries a letter, doubtless stating that he is already a subject calling for their help. Leprosy was a terrible scourge in those days, like cancer now. Almost twenty years later Bol again painted the Regents of the same Lazar-house, but that is not a picture that we shall be called upon to reproduce. Here he was painting in the maturity of his powers. If his hand lacked the magic of Rembrandt's, it was at all events very skilful. The artist behind it worked under an excellent tradition and was fully trained. Note the admirable modelling of the faces and drawing of the hands, the varieties of pose, and the harmony and balance of the composition. What a pity that one so well launched on an artistic career should not thus have persevered!



MEINDERT HOBBEEMA.

WATERMILL.

(RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM.)



HIS particular watermill appears to have been a great favourite with Hobbema, for he seems to have settled down and painted it over and over again from various points of view. This probably happened at harvest time in the year 1664. One of these pictures, thus dated, in Lady Wantage's collection, shows corn-cocks in the field behind on the left, not visible in the picture before us. The same corn-cocks in the same field appear in the Watermill picture in the Wallace collection, and the mill is again the same. In the Amsterdam Museum there is another view of it, where a woman appears filling the cask which the man is engaged in closing up in our picture. Other views exist, I believe, in other collections, but I do not recall them at this moment. By comparing them together it would be easy to make a rough map of the district. Just outside our picture there was a bridge on the left, and a road leading to a village church that

could probably be identified in the neighbourhood of Haarlem. There was another cottage in the little wood, and traces of it are discoverable here, just above the wheel. The same two trees appear on the wharf, but Hobbema alters them to suit the composition, retaining always the curved forms of the trunks, but increasing or diminishing the mass of foliage as he pleased. The bulrushes on the left are in all cases introduced with affectionate insistence on the bright surface of their delicate and graceful leaves, so agreeable a contrast to the other foliage. In no case is the mill working. It was the glittering veil of falling water that was this mill's special attraction to Hobbema, and he makes it the centre of interest in three pictures out of the four. Many of his paintings seem to have been done in this same neighbourhood, but none are more admirable than these of the mill, which are amongst his most charming works.



ANNIBALE CARRACCI.

THE DEAD CHRIST MOURNED.

(EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION.)



HIS picture was one of twenty-five by the same master that belonged to the Orleans Gallery, most of which came to England at very high prices for their day. Then the works of this artist enjoyed a far higher reputation, relatively to those of earlier and other schools, than they have enjoyed since or are ever likely again to reach. This picture was the best of the Orleans group, and may be regarded as the finest of its painter's works. The declamatory passion of it seemed in the highest degree praiseworthy to amateurs of the eighteenth century. To-day it leaves us cold. It is easier now to fall into the opposite extreme of error, and deny the really masterly qualities which such a picture actually possesses. An able modern critic has called it "probably the highest and most thoroughly successful example of eclecticism existing." Granted that the passion is insincere, it is yet ably acted. If the composition is artificial, it is none

the less good. The drawing may be academic, but it is generally fine. The painter manifests great dexterity of hand, "prodigious power with the brush." Better artists lacked half his skill. Let no superior person imagine that to paint thus was ever easy. The style was the outcome of the day. Only a great master could raise it to this pitch of elevation. We should probably find much to offend us in the acting of the famous actors of the past; but they were none the less great actors. Similarly the Carracci were great painters. They took their art very seriously indeed. There was nothing hasty about their design, nor trivial in their compositions. If they did not always find, they at any rate sought for grandeur. Their fancy dwelt in a dignified world, where beings of noble form behaved themselves nobly. It was a fine ideal in its own way. Perhaps we have travelled too far from it in an opposite direction.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

(TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE).



PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK, second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, was born in 1776. He was the son of William Henry (third son of Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales), Duke of Gloucester. He married his cousin, Princess Mary, daughter of George III. The Duchess bequeathed this picture to Trinity College, "to be hung in the room in which she had been so hospitably entertained." From Reynolds' ledger we learn that the painting was done in 1780. The boy was then four years old. No doubt a properly constituted royal boy ought to hold himself thus nobly, but as a fact royal children do not so fill the parts for which they may be supposed to have been cast in the drama of public life. It is morally certain that this child of four behaved like other children of his age. If Frans Hals had painted him he would have manifested whatever of the urchin he could find in his composition. Reynolds, as his habit was, looked for distinction

in persons of noble birth, and Vandyck had taught him how to look. It is obvious enough that, if Vandyck had not shown the way, this picture would not have existed; yet Vandyck never painted so delightful a child. Reynolds had the faculty of making his children sitters act parts with fascinating naiveté. He dresses them up in character, but never fails to retain their proper childishness. What we have here is a boy playing the part of a Vandyck nobleman, and playing it to perfection. But we see that it is a part. The painter lifts him high on a mound and thus gives dignity to the little figure, besides posing him in a graceful attitude that is yet infused with childishness. The reproduction makes a beautiful print, notwithstanding the fact that the principal charm of the picture is in its lovely colour, with a bewitching play of mauves and violets in the drapery. Of all Reynolds' delightful pictures of children this is perhaps the best. Though so well suited to attain a wide popularity, it has seldom been engraved.



TITIAN.

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER LAVINIA.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



HIS is probably the earliest picture of his daughter painted by Titian, who often used her as his model. It was painted about the year 1549. She was probably the lady described by the artist, when eighty-two years old, as "absolute mistress of his soul," and "the person dearest to him in all the world." She shines upon us from the walls of the Dresden Gallery, "the figure of a young girl, of life-size, gracefully walking, with her face at three-quarters, and looking out brightly as she waves her fan—the time a summer afternoon, when the girl, one might think, was courted by her exalted lover." It is Titian's own description of the painting. The picture here reproduced was mentioned by Ridolfi as "a maiden carrying a basket of fruit . . . said to represent the painter's daughter." In his time it was in the possession of Niccolo Crasso. Probably this is the very work referred to in a letter

written by Argentina Rangone to Titian in 1549, with respect to a proposal that he should take a dependant of hers as his apprentice. The lady in question was godmother to one of Titian's children. She begs the artist to finish the portrait of Lavinia. In Lord Cowper's collection there is another portrait of her. She was evidently a beauty of the exuberant Venetian sort, such as Rubens would have loved to paint. Another likeness of her was so admired by Van Dyck that he made an etching of it, but that showed her at a more advanced period of her life. Here she is in the very blossoming time of youth, splendidly dressed and bejewelled, and caught in act of motion. The pose has been admired for generations, and needs no praise in words where the reproduction is present to speak for itself. Would that we could also reproduce the rich harmony of colours that completes the picture's charm!



JAN VAN GOYEN.

LANDSCAPE.

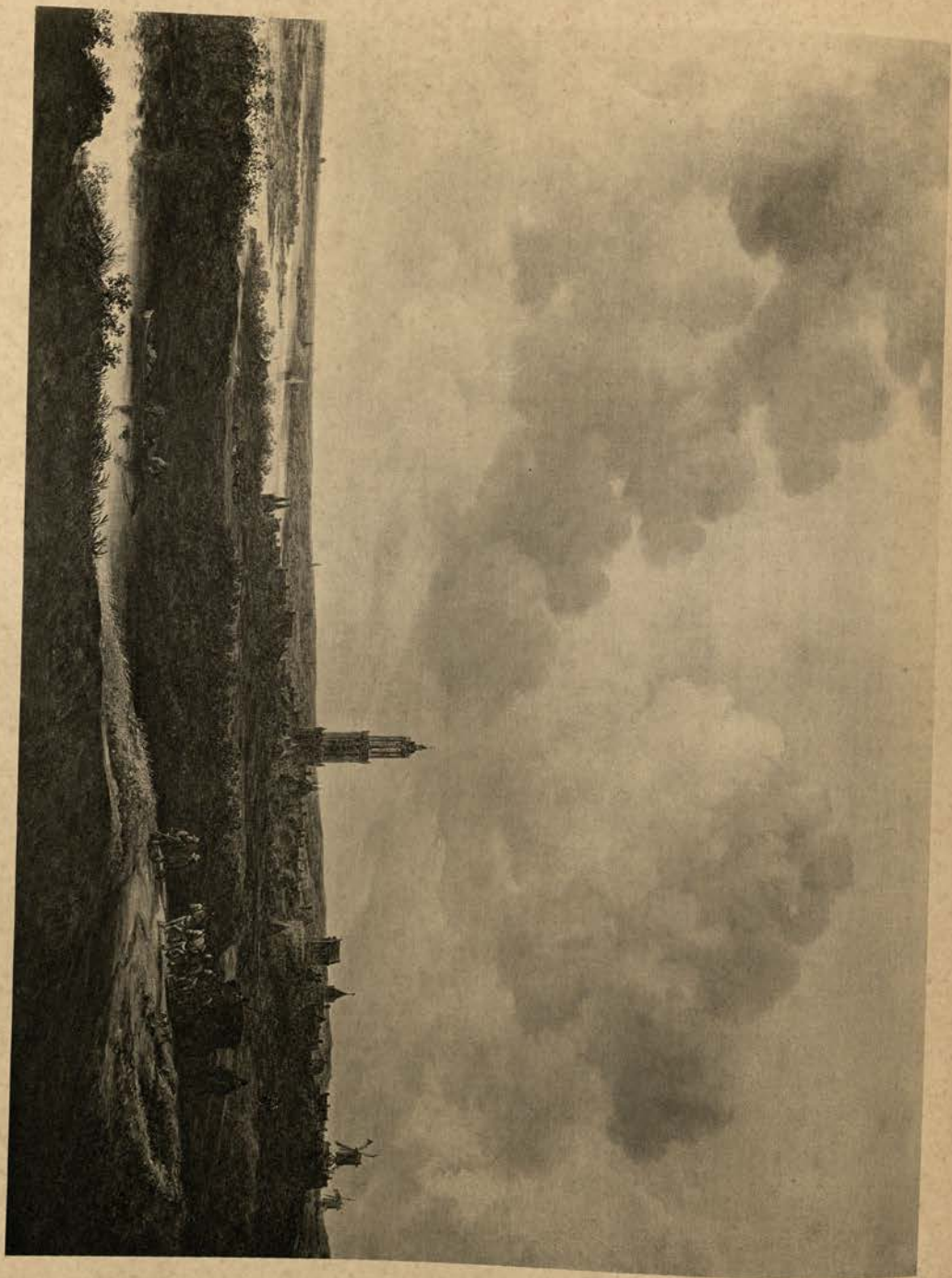
(MR. GEORGE DONALDSON'S COLLECTION.)



Tought to be easy for natives of Holland, who know their own country in detail, to identify the town depicted in this landscape. Towers resembling this one exist at Delft and Utrecht, but neither of those cities lies in such undulating country as that here depicted. Jan Van Goyen was a Leyden man, but he spent the last half (35 years) of his life at the Hague, whence the towers of Delft are visible, so perhaps he merely introduced the Delft tower into an imaginary view. Little is known about his life. He picked up an education under various masters, of whom Esaias van der Velde, perhaps, influenced him most; but his chief master was Nature herself. He is known to have travelled in France, but most of his landscapes are essentially Dutch. The canals of Holland provided him with subjects enough for his pencil. He studied the simple scenery of his own home with infinite care, and even in his treatment of that he restricted himself to

the simple effects of ordinary daylight in ordinary weather. No thunderstorms or sunsets were necessary to kindle in him the desire of painting. A couple of huts by a canal and a boat or two upon the water sufficed. Equally restrained, too, was his choice of colours. Many of his pictures are almost monochromes. Possibly the blues he may have employed have turned brown, and with them his brighter greens. If so we have little need to complain, for the pictures of Van Goyen never depended upon colour for their effect. The result is that they can be admirably reproduced. The picture here published is a fine work of the artist's best period. It exemplifies his admirable skill in composition and the excellence of his atmospheric perspective. The placing of the various upright objects in relation to one another is particularly happy. A central tower was essential, and if it did not exist in nature it had to be invented by the painter.





GEORGE ROMNEY.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

(SIR CHARLES TENNANT'S COLLECTION.)



ELIZABETH, wife of the twelfth Earl of Derby, was a notable figure in the fashionable world of her day, and had the good fortune to attain the blossoming period of her beauty at the time when the three great masters of English portraiture of the eighteenth century were in the maturity of their powers. As a child (Lady Betty Hamilton) she had already sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1758. On the occasion of her marriage to Lord Stanley, she again sat to the same painter in 1777; but the picture is only known from the contemporary engraving, the original having probably been destroyed by her husband after her divorce. Romney's painting, here reproduced, was made about the same time. A mezzotint engraving of it by John Dean was published in 1780. Reynolds and Romney, therefore, both painted Lady Derby at the time when their rivalry was growing acute. "All the town," said Lord Chancellor Thurlow, "is divided into two factions—the Reynolds and the

Romney, and I am of the Romney." The character of Reynolds is well known. Romney was "shy, private, studious, and contemplative. . . . In art the rival, in nature the very contrast of Sir Joshua." Unsociable, sensitive, suspicious, Romney held aloof from the Royal Academy, neither sending pictures to its exhibitions, nor desiring to be elected a member of that body. Reynolds referred to him as "the man in Cavendish Square." As Romney charged less than a third of Reynolds' prices, it is not surprising that he should have deprived him of many commissions for portraits. In the work here reproduced, Romney seems to have been imitating Reynolds to a certain degree. The pose and general treatment of the figure and accessories is not unlike the style of Reynolds. As a rule, Romney's style was altogether his own. Perhaps he wanted to show that he could imitate Sir Joshua if he pleased. The picture is one of the most attractive of his more finished works.



FRANS HALS.

THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS OF ST. ADRIAEN.

(HAARLEM MUSEUM.)



HIS picture is a "Doelens-
stuk" or representation of
the members of a Corpora-
tion or Club-Committee.
Eight such pictures, all painted by Frans
Hals, hang together in the Museum at
Haarlem, and draw thither lovers of art
from all countries to behold them. The
earliest of these portrait groups is dated
1616; the latest 1664. The work here
reproduced was painted in 1627, and
belongs therefore to the central and most
prosperous period of the artist's career.
Though born in Antwerp, Frans Hals
was a Haarlem man, and a member of a
very good family. He settled down at
Haarlem when he had learnt his art, and
his artistic career is one of the notable
glories of that famous city. What freak
of fortune was it that made Haarlem so
important a cradle of art? Painting
flourished there from early in the fifteenth
century. Several of the best artists of the

early Netherlands school were Haarlem
men—Dirk Bouts, for instance, and Gerard
of St. Jans, and Mostaert. For three
hundred years Haarlem seldom lacked
good painters, though they did not always
reside in the heroic city of their birth.
Frans Hals was the most famous of
them all, but it is only in recent years
that his reputation has grown to its full
development, has even, perhaps, some-
what overreached its just proportions. It
is not for imagination or high intellectual
qualities that the works of Hals are
chiefly prized, but for the marvellous
skill of hand and true picturesqueness
they display. Few painters have ever
wielded the brush so dexterously as he.
Few could fling paint on to canvas
with his certainty of intended effect.
The picture before us is an admirable
example of his skill. It lends itself,
moreover, excellently to our process of
reproduction.



AELBERT CUYP.

LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

(BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.)



ELBERT CUYP was perhaps the most thoroughly local of the artists of Holland. Most of them are pretty definitely associated with some particular locality, where they settled down after more or less of wandering; but Cuyp seems never to have wandered at all. He is never heard of out of the neighbourhood of Dordrecht where he was born, lived, and died. His father, Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp, taught him to paint. When Cuyp's name is mentioned it usually calls up in our minds a painter of cattle and calm water beneath a sky bathed in a warm even glow that permeates all the landscape. Such subjects he did in fact love to paint, and has been called the Dutch Claude in consequence, but he painted many other kinds of pictures besides, and almost every kind that he attempted he painted well. He rendered moonlight better than Aert van der Neer, and rivalled Wouverman's

horse-fairs and Hondecoeter's birds. He painted sea-pieces, ice-scenes, and portraits. But his special subject was no doubt the atmosphere. The picture here reproduced is one of his most complete paintings, and every part of it is treated with singular care and undemonstrative precision. The English collectors of the eighteenth century were the first to recognise the great merit of his work, as they first appreciated Holbein and several other meritorious Dutchmen. The result is that most of Cuyp's best works are, or till recently were, in English collections. There are thirteen Cuyps in the Dulwich catalogue, eight in the National Gallery, three at Bridgewater House, and so forth. Some of these are as fine as the picture here reproduced, but we have chosen it both because it is less generally known and because it stands amongst the best works of its class and is in admirable preservation.



FILIPPINO LIPPI.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

(MR. E. P. AND MISS C. WARREN'S COLLECTION.)



WHEN Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle wrote their monumental work upon Italian art—a book which still remains the solid foundation whereupon all later writers have built—the picture here reproduced was in the Palazzo Santangelo at Naples, and was ascribed to Domenico Ghirlandaio. They recognised the true authorship, and their ascription of the work to the son of Fra Filippo Lippi has not been contested. It is in fact one of his best pictures, and must have been painted about the year 1490, in the central period of his activity. The painting of Madonnas or Holy Families upon round panels became common in Florence in the last quarter of the fifteenth century. Round pictures had, of course, been painted before that, but it was not till Botticelli took them in hand that an effort was made to adapt the composition and pose of the figures to the circular form of the opening through which they appear to be beheld. It is one thing to paint a bust and surround it with a circular frame, as was often done by Fra Angelico, for example. It

is another thing altogether to design a composition essentially circular. Botticelli's *tondi* are amongst his most admired works. We have already reproduced one in this series. Filippino followed Botticelli's example in this kind of painting, and if he did not quite attain to the level of his leader, he produced in the work before us a very charming picture. In Filippino the fifteenth century Florentine style became decadent, just as the Gothic style becomes decadent in French miniatures of the end of the fourteenth century, and Van Eyck's style in the hands of Netherlands painters after 1500. The old ideal in each case had been worked out to its logical end, and needed to be replaced by a new ideal. Decadence has a charm of its own. Fancy runs riot in works of this kind. Art is evidently sundered from nature, and tradition takes the place of sight. The decorative quality, however, often under such circumstances grows correspondingly intense. It does so in the instance before us, where the flow of line is extraordinarily graceful, and the colouring forms a rich and simple harmony.



JOHN HOPPNER.

THE GIRL WITH THE TAMBOURINE.

(MR. ALFRED A. DE PASS'S COLLECTION.)



It was the good fortune of Hoppner to live at a time when the conventionalism that had so long paralysed original art production in England had given place to freshness of composition and execution ; so that painters were not afraid to exhibit real presentments of living men and women moving in society, real peasants working in actual landscapes, happy children disporting themselves in the open air instead of the fabulous denizens of classic groves that had so long been the vogue. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, not to speak of many less celebrated masters, were in the zenith of their fame when John Hoppner, who was the son of German parents and was born in Whitechapel on April 4th, 1758, first saw the light. He began his career as a chorister in the Royal Chapel at Windsor, and the beauty of his voice attracted the attention of George III., who, learning that he hoped to become

an artist, paid for him to receive some instruction. Hoppner's progress was rapid, and he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy before he was twenty. Forming his style on that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he quickly became a fashionable portrait painter, excelling especially in his likenesses of women, and at his death in 1810 Lawrence was his only rival, all his greater contemporaries having already passed away.

The Girl with the Tambourine is a very happy example of Hoppner's peculiar excellencies. The child's beautiful features are lit up with merriment, and the artist has caught, with rare skill, the fleeting expression of a moment. So fascinating is the effect of the whole, that it is only on close examination that certain faults are noticed. The figure, for instance, is not so well drawn as the face. One leg would appear to be shorter than the other, and the group of dancers in the middle distance is too small.



ALBRECHT DÜRER.

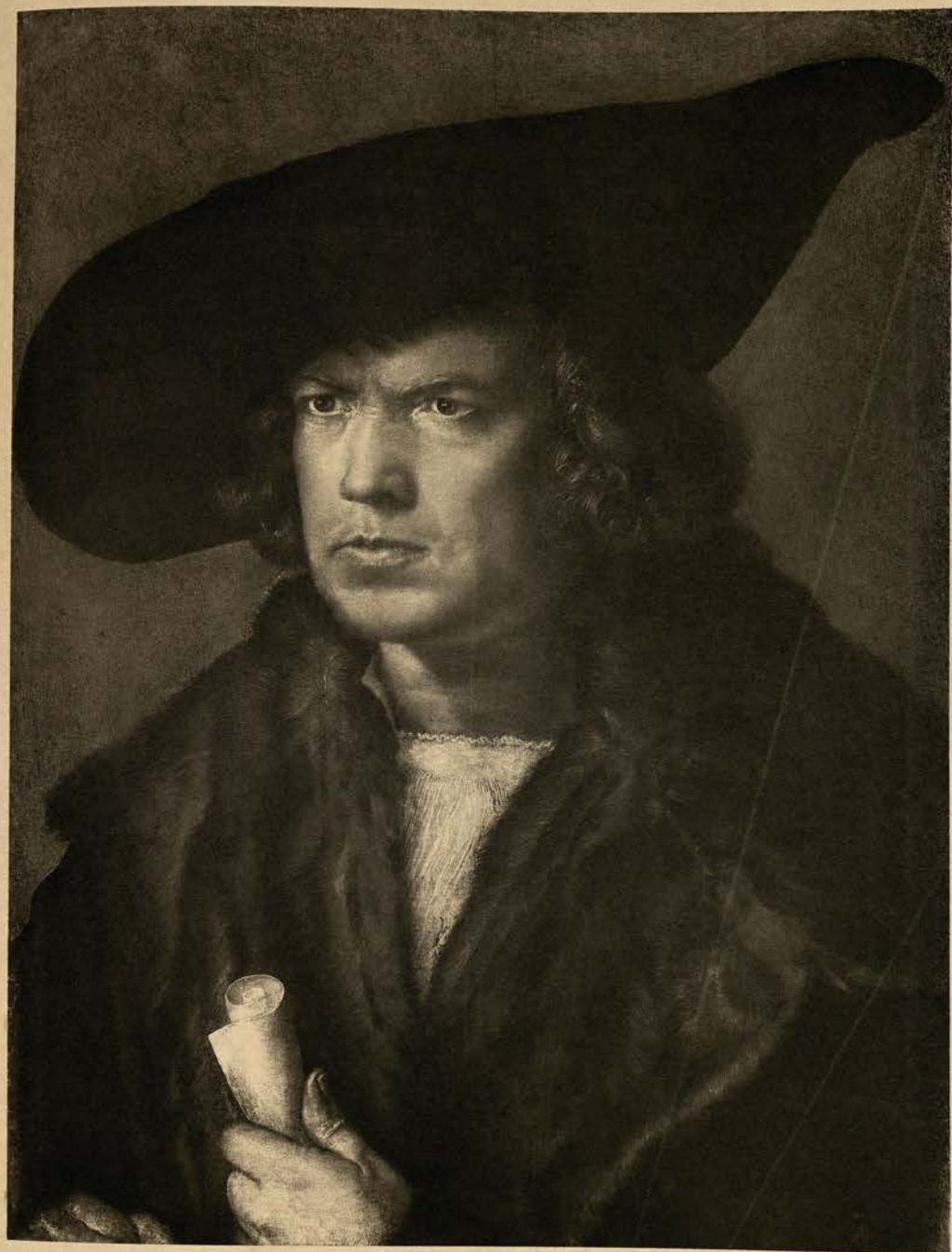
PORTRAIT OF A MAN

(THE PRADO, MADRID).



It was the idea of Thausing, Dürer's well-known biographer, that this portrait may represent Hans Imhoff, the great Nürnberg banker. The picture is dated 1521, and is certainly Dürer's finest portrait. In July of that year the artist set forth from Brussels on his return home from the year's visit he had been paying to the Netherlands. Imhoff had been his banker, and the suggestion is that he repaid some overdraft he may have made by painting this picture on his arrival. The suggestion is ingenious, but there are two strong reasons against it. The picture does not very closely resemble a known engraved portrait of the same personage, and it has an appearance of having been painted in the Netherlands. The handling, indeed, is not Flemish, but is Dürer's own, evidently the painting of a man who was an engraver at heart. The traces of the brush are like those of a burin, handled as only Dürer ever handled one. No

reproduction of the picture in its present state can give a full idea of the delicacy and finish of the original work as it appeared when it left the master's studio. No portrait by him gives so complete a representation of a man, catching his expression at a moment of mental activity, and pursuing to the uttermost every visible detail of form. We must conclude that the picture was painted in the Low Countries, and so naturally found its way to Spain. The influence of the Flemish style is evident throughout it. Thus John Van Eyck taught his followers to see a man, and thus to depict him. In some respects Dürer even bettered the instruction. There is a certain largeness and dignity of view here which is Dürer's own, whatever suggestions he may have taken from others. Perhaps we shall never be able to identify the subject. Assuredly he was a man of note and position, whose name we should recognise quickly enough if someone arose to tell it to us.



GABRIEL METSU.

THE LETTER.

(MR. A. BEIT'S COLLECTION.)



T has been well said by an anonymous German writer that Metsu, in his choice of subjects, stands between Terborch on the one hand and Jan Steen on the other. All three alike were fond of painting domestic interiors. Jan Steen assembled his folk most dramatically, and always shows them in the midst of some action that unites them in a common emotion. Terborch is least dramatic. His people, unless they are making music, hardly act at all. It suffices if they are gracefully posed and grouped together with a minimum of occupation. Metsu is neither as dramatic as Jan Steen, nor as passive as Terborch. His people are generally occupied upon some definite business, so that his pictures tell their story to the spectator and are both mildly interesting as well as agreeable to the eye. The two pictures in Mr. Beit's collection which we have reproduced were painted to be pendants to one another. The first shows a finely dressed young man writing a letter. This one shows the lady receiving and reading it, while the messenger girl stands

discreetly aside and entertains herself by looking at a picture. Both pictures are signed. The letter-writer is painted in Metsu's characteristic manner, but the recipient is rendered in the style of Vermeer. The colouring, indeed, is not Vermeer's, but this reproduction, from which colour is of necessity absent, is wonderfully like Vermeer's work, notably in the brilliancy of the illumination and the strong relief of the dark figure of the servant against the light wall. The grouping, too, is like Vermeer, and so is the introduction of the curtain, and of the black-framed picture on the white wall. Vermeer and Metsu were almost exact contemporaries, but they never inhabited the same town, nor is there any trace of a personal relation between them. Delft, however, is not far from Amsterdam. It must have been easy for any artist at that time to come in contact with examples of the work of any other. Doubtless Metsu saw in Amsterdam some picture by the Delft painter and set himself to imitate it in this work. The result was successful, but did not lead the artist to make any permanent change in his style.



CORREGGIO.

THE MADONNA OF ST. JEROME.

(PARMA GALLERY.)



BETWEEN the years 1525 and 1531 Correggio painted, amongst other pictures, five great and famous masterpieces. They are the Madonna of St. Sebastian (1525) at Dresden, the Madonna of St. Jerome (1527-28) at Parma, the Madonna della Scodella (1529-30) at Parma, the Nativity (1530) at Dresden, and the Madonna of St. George (1530-31) at Dresden. The picture under consideration is usually paired with the Nativity, the first being called "The Day," the second "The Night." Both have always been famous. Vasari praises our picture with enthusiasm. He says it is "coloured in a manner most marvellous and stupendous," and such in fact is the case. The composition is original for its date, the rapid foreshortening of the figures (whereby Jerome, when regarded from a distance, seems gigantic) is due to the close supposed proximity of the spectator. He must think of himself as near to and, in fact, as forming part of, the group. Everyone knows the

charming figure of the Magdalen. Her unusually pronounced fairness is a foil to the dark-skinned penitent Father. Everyone also remembers the cheerful angel, and that pert and almost impish cherub behind. The picture is not of a very religious type. It is altogether too attractively mundane for any such pretensions. Who would have it otherwise? We cannot be hungering after the infinite and mysterious all the time—not even in church. It is rumoured that even nuns may be gay without offence in due season. Here is a picture to match that mood, likewise without offence. It is a pity that we cannot reproduce the colour, especially the flesh colour, which is indeed delightful. And then the hair is so beautifully painted. The Magdalen has such silky tresses, the angel such delicious curls, and the infant such fascinating fluff. But we have said nothing about the light and shade—one of the picture's most famous merits. What is there that need be said, for that is perfectly reproduced? The reader has but to look.



PIETER DE HOOGH.

A DUTCH COURTYARD.

(NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.)



PIETER DE HOOGH was born in 1632, the year of Vermeer's birth. Like Vermeer, too, he seems to have owed much to the influence of that great but short-lived genius Karel Fabritius. All three worked for a time at Delft, and it is probably in Delft that we should seek for the charming backyard so beautifully depicted in the famous picture here reproduced. The front of just such a house as this was painted by Vermeer in a picture in the Six Collection at Amsterdam. De Hoogh was fond of painting houses from the rear. In Buckingham Palace there is a beautiful example where the tower of a Delft church is seen in the background, whilst a woman carrying a pitcher and pail is the same who appears here with the little girl. This woman seems to have been a servant in the painter's household. We find her again in another picture in the National Gallery, in one in Lady Wantage's collection, and in the delightful picture in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, where she

is again concerned with the dear little girl who likewise graces several of De Hoogh's paintings. Probably she was the artist's daughter. The servant always has her skirt tucked up, and wears the same cap and the same petticoat, with rows of braid round the edge. De Hoogh's pictures charm not merely by the pleasant human atmosphere of wholesome domestic life that fills them, but by the purely artistic merits of agreeable colour and beautiful light. No one except Vermeer ever painted red bricks so delightfully. Another frequent feature in De Hoogh's pictures is the glimpse he gives down some passage and through a doorway, across some sun-lit street or open court into and perhaps again through a house or building beyond. The spectator is tempted to imagine pretty vistas round corners that he cannot see. The picture itself never confines his imagination within its own limits. It seems to be only a fragment of some delightful place, where all the people are nice in a simple fashion, and every object is in its place.





DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ.

MARCHESE ALEXANDER DEL BORRO.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)

NYONE might say that this picture is as obviously a portrait of Falstaff as it is painted by Velasquez. But it is not Falstaff, and people have been found to declare that it cannot be by Velasquez. True, no one by merely looking at the picture ever doubted its genuineness. It was only those who rummage archives and discover dates who suggested that the dates of the subject's and the artist's careers do not match. To which the only reply is, "so much the worse for the dates." If ever there was a picture apparently "signed all over" by Velasquez it is this. The whole architecture of it, the characteristic outline, the treatment of the costume, the majestic Shakespearian humour of the conception, mark it as the work of one of the world's greatest painters. It is not enough in a case like this to say that it is not by Velasquez. The objector must name another artist who can have painted it, and must range other pictures alongside of this and worthy to rank with it. The

only part that does not seem to be of equal merit with the rest is the flag upon which this brutal conqueror is standing; that may have been a later addition.

Alexander del Borro was lieutenant of Prince Matteo, Commander of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II.'s forces, in the war against Pope Urban VIII. The golden bees embroidered on the insulted flag are the Pope's arms. It was in 1643 that the Papal states were invaded, but the picture seems to belong to the period of Velasquez' first Italian journey (1629-1630). If, however, the flag was painted in by someone else, the question of dates would not arise. The subject of the portrait is identified by the help of another portrait of him which hangs in Florence in the Ponte Vecchio passage. The picture here reproduced so insults him that it is needless to translate that abuse into words. One question arises: Who commissioned the picture? Surely del Borro himself can hardly have been pleased with it, however his friends may have rejoiced. Was it done for one of them? or even for an enemy?



TITIAN.

SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE.

(BORGHESE GALLERY, ROME.)



HERE has been much discussion as to the meaning of this picture. It has been explained to represent Medea at the moment of temptation, and all sorts of other suggestions have been made, but the world contentedly goes on calling it "Sacred and Profane Love," and remains indifferent to the arguments of experts, but not at all indifferent to the beauty of the work. The plain fact is that the literary subject of any good picture is a matter of perfect indifference. The pictorial subject is what the eye sees—here a glorious harmony of the most delicious colours, fascinating glimpses of landscape, and two most beautiful women placed in visible opposition and contrast to one another. You may give it what name you please, and the picture will neither be improved nor injured. So far as it is a work of pictorial art it stands in no need of explanation, for it is self-explained to the eye. It was made to be beautiful. The eye that beholds it cannot do aught else than revel in its beauty. Surely that suffices. No one knows when it was painted nor for whom; though the arms of the Nuremberg bankers, the Imhoffs, are emblazoned upon it. Evidently it belongs to the artist's early period, when

he came closest to Palma in style and was rivalling and at the same time undergoing the influence of Giorgione. Here we feel the Giorgionesque atmosphere of fancy, and yet there is a difference. The two men might influence one another, but neither ever sacrificed his own individuality or became an imitator. It is the sign of a weak man to imitate, and of a strong man to be influenced. The one borrows and spoils what he takes; the other absorbs, digests, transmutes, and grows in power by the process. This picture marks a definite stage in the painter's development. It possesses a charm specially belonging to his early period. Later on he attained a greater freedom and a deeper insight, but of necessity he lost the naïveté of youth. All stages of a great master's development are delightful, each for its own quality. He passes from ideal to ideal, and from power to power, his art enlarging, but not necessarily growing in charm. By common consent this picture is regarded as the culminating work of one kind of Titian's production. From that kind he went on to other kinds, almost always triumphantly. We shall have occasion hereafter to behold examples of his painting very different in character from this.





GERARD TERBORCH.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

(MR. GEORGE DONALDSON'S COLLECTION.)



It is fairly safe to assume that the unnamed lady here portrayed belonged to some well-to-do family of Deventer. In those days artists were so numerous in Holland that a portrait-painter's clientèle existed almost entirely in the immediate neighbourhood of his home. In the eighteenth century in England most people went to London to have their portraits painted; good painters elsewhere were few, and as they succeeded they drifted to the Metropolis. But in Holland in the seventeenth century there was no such concentration, either of artists or of patrons. Deventer, Delft, Haarlem, Leiden, Amsterdam, and other cities had capable painters within their walls, so that when a citizen wanted his portrait there was a man ready to paint it only a few streets away. Most of Terborch's pictures are really portraits. Many may not have been painted for the sitters, but they

were doubtless accurate renderings of the models who sat. The admirably finished picture here reproduced was clearly a portrait pure and simple—a very definite rendering of a lady who did in fact so dress and so appear. She was not a beauty, nor does she look particularly interesting, but such as she was we behold her. Frans Hals or Rembrandt, if the task of painting her had been theirs, would have infused their own vigorous personality in their work. Terborch's way was to look at her clothes and endow them and the surroundings with a charm that the lady herself lacked, or that he could not see. Thus in this picture our eyes soon pass from the head to the gown. We admire the velvet, the satin, and the brocade. The delicacy of the painting and its apparent minuteness pleases us, and thus the picture as a whole gives a satisfaction which sight of the lady herself might not have yielded.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THE LITTLE FORTUNE TELLERS.

(SIR CHARLES TENNANT'S COLLECTION.)



THESE small masqueraders were Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry John Speneer, as they appeared in Reynolds' studio in the year 1775. They were the children of the third Duke of Marlborough, who paid the artist £136 10s. for this picture of them. It was an excellent family investment, and we may quite safely assert that when the picture passed from the Blenheim collection into that of its present owner, the price paid was many multiples of what the artist received for it. The little girl, who clearly takes the lead in the performance, is a year older than her brother. He was born in 1770, and is therefore five years old in the picture. At the age of twenty he became M.P. for the family borough, Woodstock. He soon entered the Diplomatic Service, was sent as Envoy to Berlin in 1795, and forthwith died there. The little girl was not much longer lived.

She grew up to marry the Rev. Ed. Nares, Vicar of Biddenden. She died in 1802. The picture became a favourite at once, as the notices of its appearance at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1775 sufficiently prove. It was engraved in 1790 by J. Jones, and frequently since. Reynolds' success in painting children was proverbial. He loved to make them act grown-up parts, yet preserving all their childishness. It is safe to assert that he had the faculty of putting his little sitters at their ease. Probably he was one of those old courtiers of youth to whom children always deign to extend their gracious confidence, instinctively recognising beneath their mature exterior the presence of a child's heart. Contemporary writers, I believe, record nothing of Reynolds in his personal relation with children. His own pictures supply the gap, and fill it well.



ANDREA MANTEGNA.

ST. GEORGE.

(ACCADEMIA, VENICE.)



ANDREA MANTEGNA, the greatest of the Paduan painters, was perhaps the most original and influential artist of his day. From Venice on the east to Milan on the west, all the schools of North Italy derived fruitful elements from his originating genius. He was born at Vicenza in 1431. Squarcione of Padua, the famous teacher of art, adopted him. He married the sister of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini. Padua was a learned city, and the learning of Padua was expressed in Mantegna's art. He studied nature and the antique with equal zest and persistence, qualifying the conventions of the one by veracious observation of the other. His pictures are always sculptural. In some cases we can point to the ancient Roman marbles that inspired him. Nor was he neglectful of contemporary production. Donatello and Paolo Uccello supplied him indirectly with many a fruitful hint. His style developed along regular lines, so that it is easy to assign any of his genuine works to any approximately correct chronological position among the rest. His earliest known work dates

from 1452. It was followed by the large altar-piece at Milan, already thoroughly characteristic of him. The picture here reproduced is likewise an early work, and was painted about the same time as a charming figure of Saint Eufemia, now in the Naples Museum. All the works of this period of his activity were exquisitely finished, almost in the contemporary Netherlands manner, though there is little trace of northern influence in them. Later on, indeed, he influenced the painters of the north. The decorative garlands that we find in Bruges pictures towards the end of the fifteenth century may have been derived from Mantegna. Dürer, as we know, studied his works and copied his engravings, and few progressive artists of the day failed to follow his lead in one direction or another. The whole splendid school of Venice owed to Mantegna an incalculable debt. He taught painters not merely how to see, but how to work. His greatness was based, indeed, upon notable gifts, but owed yet more to the persistent industry by which those gifts were fashioned into efficient powers for artistic creation.



DON DIEGO DE SILVA Y VELASQUEZ.

THE LADY WITH A FAN (WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON).



IN 1631, being then about thirty-two years of age, Velasquez returned from his first long visit to Italy, a fully formed master in the plenitude of his energy. He was the king's servant and by the king he was thenceforward almost fully employed. Had he been living in contemporary Holland he would have produced a multitude of portraits of the well-to-do folks of his city. In Spain few were the private individuals who ever had the chance of obtaining his services. The Spanish lady, whose famous portrait is here reproduced, is evidently not a royal personage. We have not the slightest idea who she was. Some have supposed her to be a relative of the artist. It is as good a guess as any other. We shall probably never know, nor does it matter. It is the picture that claims our admiration, not the lady. She is evidently Spanish to the finger-tips and seen with Velasquez' gifted Spanish eyes, which knew as well as ever any pair what to look for and how to see. We have reasons for concluding that the picture was painted early after Velasquez' return from Italy. There are one or two other portraits that can be grouped with it, the fine portrait of a lady at Berlin, for

example. In these, as in all Velasquez' characteristic work, the sane directness of the artist is clearly expressed. His were no "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance." He was concerned with the actual, the concrete—to see that, under the true light and through the enveloping atmosphere of every day, to see it truly, and grasp the beauty of it, to see it at the right moment and in the right surroundings, and then, having seen, to set it down with the most perfect attainable skill—such was his problem, one hard enough to demand the highest accomplishment, one never more competently solved than by him. Velasquez is the artist's artist. None but artists can ever realize how hard it is to paint a picture with the apparent simplicity of this one, hiding so completely from the common eye the matchless skill of the craftsmanship and the perfectly trained and gifted vision on which the whole depends. Whosoever can enjoy such a picture as this for its own sake, knowing nothing about the lady beyond what the picture reveals, and not caring to know, belongs to the group for whom painters paint and for whom there is little need that writers about art should ever write.



NICOLAS LANCRET.

FÊTE GALANTE.

(SIR ALGERNON COOTE'S COLLECTION.)



NICOLAS LANCRET, of Paris, was a younger contemporary of the great Watteau. For a time the two were friends, but an estrangement followed, caused we do not certainly know how. There was talk of jealousy, talk of a certain two pictures by the younger artist which were mistaken for the elder's. Such a mistake can hardly have been made by serious people, for, charming as are some of Lancret's works, they lack Watteau's fancy and the easy confidence of his natural grace, alike in vision and in touch. The picture here reproduced is one of Lancret's largest and most important works. It was confessedly painted in rivalry or imitation of Watteau's famous "Embarkation for Cythera," a picture of which two versions exist, the earlier in the Louvre, the more finished replica in the Royal Palace at Berlin. The general distribution of the masses in this picture of Lancret's and in Watteau's "Embarkation" is the same; so, too, is the division between land and water. In both there is a group of trees on the right and a view on the left away into distance and the open sky. In all else the two works are dissimilar, and Watteau's is the more fanciful, fairy-like, delicate, and brilliant. Fine as is Lancret's picture, it is not likely that Watteau quarrelled with him about it. It is unfortunate that our reproduction cannot render the colours of the original, for, a large part of its charm is in

the colour—the brilliant, almost Turner-esque sunset, the pink, blue, and amber dresses of the fair ladies, the vivid greens and browns of the vegetation. Nothing could be gayer and more decorative; nothing more in keeping with the ideals of the time of Louis XV. All the pomp and academical magnificence of the art which drew its inspiration from the Court of Louis XIV. was swept away before Lancret painted this picture. It was not he but Watteau who first incorporated the new spirit, who first opened the doors of the enchanted land where the gay folks of the early part of the seventeenth century fancied themselves living a life of passionless pleasure in complete abandonment to the joy of the moment. There are no haunting memories and no trembling hopes in the hearts of the inhabitants of this delightful country. It is always summer in the landscape. The sky is always serene, the waters never cold, the winds never violent. Only just at that time could such pictures be painted, for only then was such the mood of a whole society. We know what followed. None of us now living can hope, few desire, to attain the habitual attitude of mind implied by these works, yet it is pleasant to be able by their means to take flight when we please to this fairy-land of fancy, and while we gaze upon it to forget the passions, the strivings, and the toil of contemporary life.



PAOLO VERONESE.

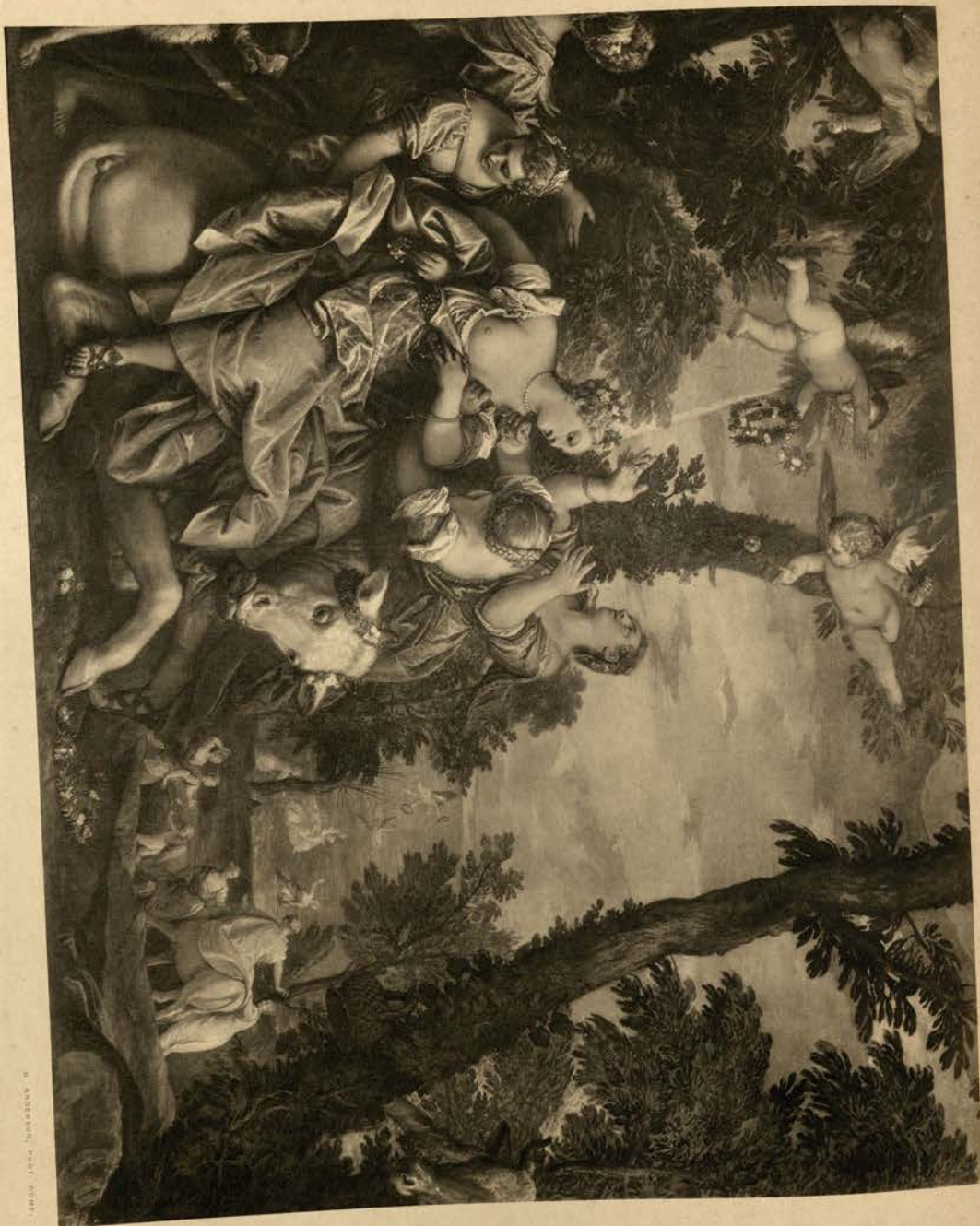
THE RAPE OF EUROPA.

(THE DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.)



NO painter of pageants was ever more successful than Paolo Caliari, called Veronese. He loved finely-formed people, splendid stuffs, imposing architecture, exuberant nature. In all this he was a true Venetian of his day. His taste matched that of the flourishing society in the midst of, and for which, his life's work was accomplished. The Doge's Palace was already full of pictures in Veronese's day, but fires breaking out within it in 1574, and again in 1576, destroyed many of the works of earlier masters, and left room for the new men to show forth in paint the glories of Venice in symbolical form. A commission was appointed to procure new decorations for the damaged halls and to complete the adornment of those not before undertaken. That happened when Titian was dead, and the great survivors were Tintoretto and Veronese. All the

artists of the place were agog to obtain some of the commissions that were to be granted. Each pulled whatever strings he could command. Only Veronese made no effort. The influential Contarini of the day met the painter in the street at that time and asked him why he was not looking after his own interests. He replied that he was doing so by staying at home and sticking to his work, preferring by its excellence to command employment rather than to go begging for it. His policy was successful. Most of the last ten years of his life were occupied in painting pictorial decorations for the Doge's Palace, which by good fortune not only still exist but still occupy the positions for which they were painted. *O si sic omnia!* The Museums and Galleries of Europe would be the poorer, but how much better their contents would look could each work be returned to its original place.



REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

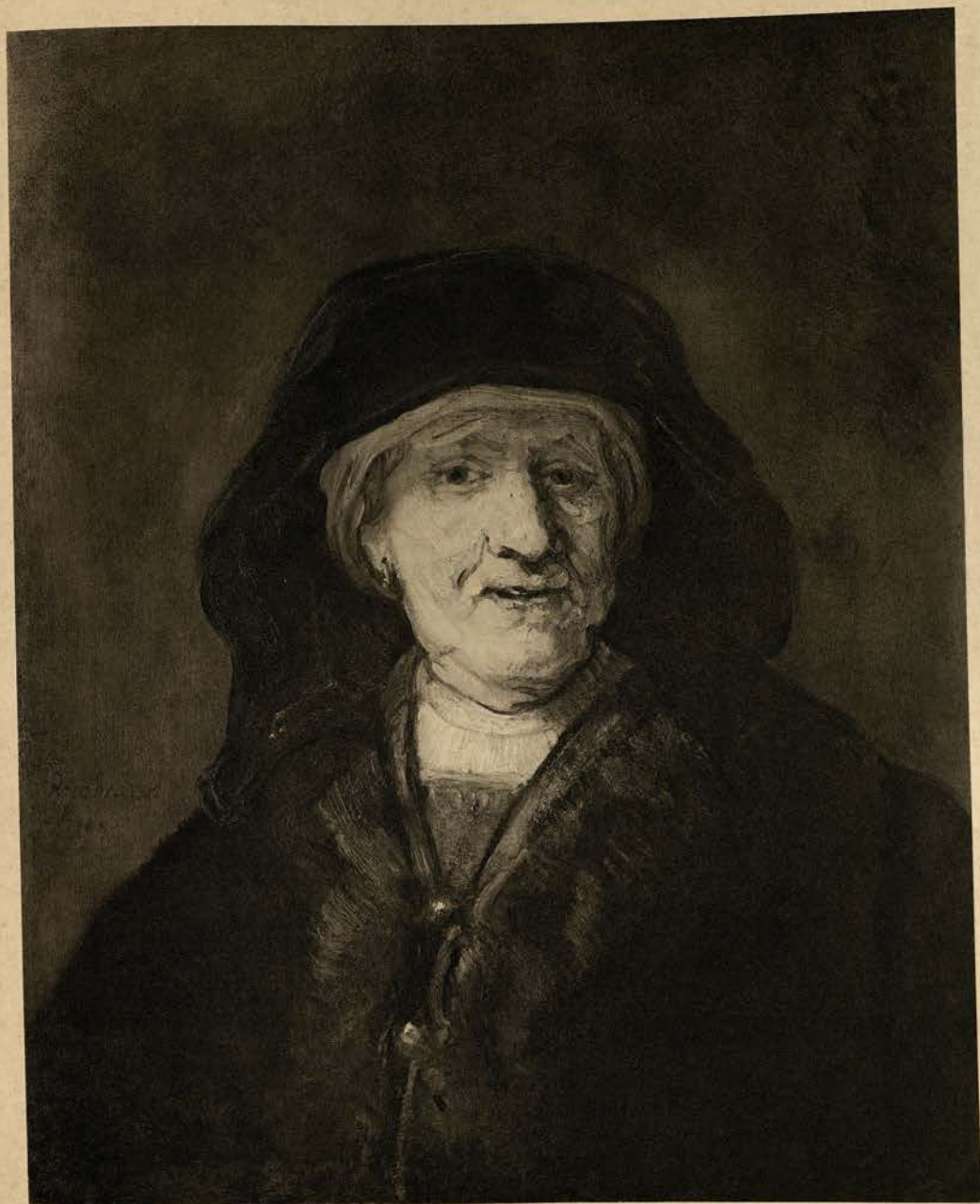
PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN.

(MR. HUGH P. LANE'S COLLECTION.)



HIS bold painting bears a date which appears to be 1652. Rembrandt's mother died in 1640, so that the traditional title of the picture cannot be correct. It used to be the common habit to call any portrait of an old woman by Rembrandt his mother. That was before the days when photography enabled reproductions of pictures to be brought together and compared one with another. We possess enough authentic pictures of Rembrandt's mother to be able to become perfectly familiar with her appearance. In the Vienna Gallery we can see her as she was in 1639, the year before she died, a toothless and pathetic old lady, very different from the sprightly and erect old woman here so boldly depicted. This woman more closely resembles the one so frequently used as a model by Rembrandt in and after 1654. There are three portraits of her at St. Petersburg, and at least two elsewhere. As Rembrandt advanced in years he grew more and more sensitive to the beauty of old age.

Moreover, his power of rendering that beauty correspondingly developed. The loose and free touch that came to him with mature years was better adapted to treat such figures as the one before us than the smooth and unlined countenances of youth. His power of attracting sympathy for age grew from his own enlarged sympathy. There is never a trace of caricature in such works by this great master. Life was a hard experience for him, and a toilsome, but it mellowed and did not embitter him. The sorrows of the world seem to have impressed him as they impressed Goethe, and he sympathised without revolt. His own numerous portraits of himself, painted chiefly because he was the cheapest available model, enable us to watch the maturing of his pathetic personality. His art likewise matures in harmony with himself, and the world has rightly felt that his later work is larger and nobler than that of his years of prosperity and fashionable employment.



JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.

LA COQUETTE

(SIR ALGERNON COOTE'S COLLECTION).



HIS long-lived artist was born in 1725 and died in 1805. His period of activity therefore covered a time in which several important changes in styles of art were accomplished. Corot was alive before he died. The art of Greuze, however, reflects little of the variety of his age. However much he may have desired and striven to paint the great Academical compositions popular during part of his career, it was not in him to do so. He was officially accounted a painter of *genre*, and though that classification offended him, it was fair enough. He lives now by his pictures of the type here reproduced. Let us hasten to admit that this is not great art. It is facile, possessed of a very obvious grace, and of a superficial kind of charm. This picture is one that appeals immediately to the unartistic. It is obviously pretty. It is not the kind of work the artists of our own day greatly admire. You may indeed hear them

abuse this kind of painting. So to do, however, is not the part of a wise man. Greuze may have had his weaknesses and his limitations, but he does not live by them. It is because he has charm that he is remembered. The pictures that children and simple persons like are thereby demonstrated to have merit, however little superior persons may be willing to admit it. The amateur should cultivate catholicity of taste. It is not the artist's virtue. For him the duty is to cultivate and develop his own special instinct of beauty. "La Coquette" can afford to dispense with superior approbation. She is assured of a welcome in many a maiden's chamber, and will be happy on the nursery wall. And why not, indeed? Is she not a charming apparition, an agreeable presence? Who would not be the merrier if she came romping in? We for our part welcome her gladly, and introduce her without any apology.



ALVISE VIVARINI.

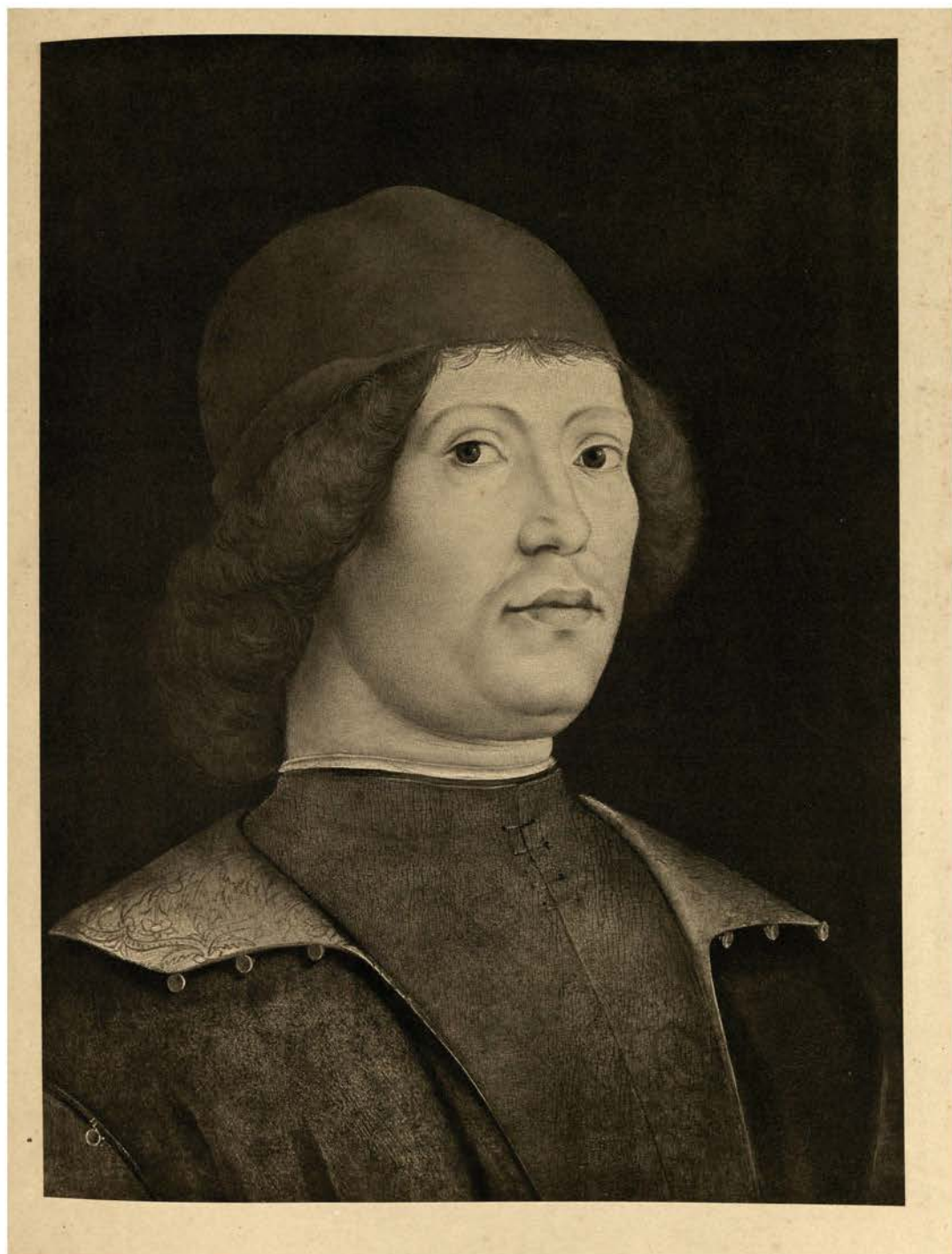
PORTRAIT OF A MAN.

(MR. GEORGE DONALDSON'S COLLECTION.)



HE important position in the development of Venetian art occupied by Alvise Vivarini has been emphatically brought under the notice of students by the writings of Mr. Bernard Berenson. Alvise incorporated and continued the traditions of the old Murano school, but modified and enriched them with the learning and precision of Padua. From the Paduan vortex Mr. Berenson claims that the three artists Alvise Vivarini, Gentile Bellini, and Giovanni Bellini arose, each possessing a definite style of his own, which he proceeded to impress upon a more or less independent group of followers. The men influenced by Alvise, according to the same writer, were Jacopo de' Barbari, Cima, Antonello, Montagna, Basaiti, Solario, Bonsignori, and Lotto. The important position thus claimed for Alvise is refused to him by another school of art historians. Which side will ultimately prevail it remains for the future to demonstrate. We possess dated works by Alvise scattered over the years from 1475 to the

time of his death in 1503. Most of them are religious pictures, best represented by the beautiful Madonna in the Redentore Church at Venice. He has also left us a series of notable portraits, now to be seen in the Salting, Bonomi-Cereda (Milan), Layard, Seminario (Venice), Padua, Louvre, and Windsor Castle collections. The Louvre and Windsor pictures are important life-size busts—works of the painter's later years. Mr. Donaldson's fine picture, here reproduced, may be grouped with them as of approximately the same character and period. The Louvre portrait represents Bernardo di Salla. The rest are all anonymous. Our picture in its bold and simple design, its careful rendering of character, its broad modelling, its insistence upon outline, its open eyes and steady glance, is characteristic of Alvise's style of portraiture and fully justifies its attribution to this artist. It is a beautiful picture, and better work in its kind was hardly to be found in the Italy of that date.



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

ALTAR-PIECE OF THE ST. ILDEFONSO CHAPEL

(VIENNA GALLERY).



IN December, 1630, Rubens, then fifty-three years old, took for his second wife the fair Helena Fourment, aged sixteen. It is certain that he fell deeply in love with her. His years of widowhood had been sad. He was not the kind of man to thrive in depression. Helena brought back joy into his house, and his art responded to the new impulse. He painted her again and again, as Rembrandt painted Saskia; whenever she appears, the picture, as has been remarked, is a hymn of love and joy. It was in these happy days that Rubens painted the picture now under consideration—perhaps his most pleasing religious work. The commission was one of the last given to him by his steady patroness, the Infanta Isabella, who died at the end of 1633. She and her husband had been appointed Governors of Flanders in 1603. The Brotherhood of St. Ildefonso was a society of their own invention, established by them first in Spain, then in Flanders. The Chapel of the Brotherhood was in the Church of St. Jacques-de-Caudeberg at Antwerp, the parish church of the Court. Not till the Infanta was a widow did she order the picture, and then it was practically as a memorial to her husband. The portraits of husband and wife with their patron saints appear on the wings, and are as splendid examples of portraiture as any that Rubens ever painted. It is impossible

to imagine more dignified and at the same time characteristic renderings. For all their fine costumes and jewelled decorations, the individual natures of the persons are still supreme. Most ceremonial portraits swamp the individual in his clothes. These do no such thing. The subject of the main picture is the Virgin presenting to St. Ildefonso the chasuble she had embroidered for him. Truth to tell there is nothing superhuman about the Virgin. She is thrown into the shade by the fair saintesses of her Court, pre-eminent amongst whom is a shining white apparition, no other than the sweet Helena Rubens, gloriously appressed, and with her beautiful fair hair elaborately dressed and decked with jewels and flowers. The picture is only religious in name. In fact it is of the world worldly. It belongs to a period of what Morelli called Jesuit art—the period that produced reading Magdalens in the desert and other fair types of physical human perfection, disguised under religious titles. Whether such treatment was commendable or not is a question outside the limits of art-criticism. As a work of art this altar-piece is a triumph with Helena for queen, Flemish parallel to the white figure of Faith painted by Veronese in the Doge's Palace, which Rubens had seen and may have remembered as he painted here the portrait of his own young wife.





LORENZO LOTTO.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM.

(SIR MARTIN CONWAY'S COLLECTION.)



IN Berenson's book on Lorenzo Lotto, and elsewhere where this picture has been described in recent years, the subject is called "Danaë." Yet the picture has nothing whatever to do with Danaë. There is no Jupiter, no shower of gold, but only a little cherub aloft, pouring down flowers into the lap of the dreaming girl. Doubtless the subject was suggested by some as yet unidentified contemporary poem. Obviously the opposition between the maiden's pure dream of love on the one hand and the gross carnal passions of the male and female satyrs on the other was what the artist intended to emphasise. He was a young man when he painted the picture. Mr. Berenson regards it as his first known work, and traces in it the influence of Alvise Viverini. More obvious is that of Giorgione. The artist's inexperience is betrayed by the faulty drawing of the girl's figure. For his satyrs he has based himself on classical models. The landscape with its effect

of sunset is all his own, ultimately suggested by Flemish models, but not imitated from them. I found the picture in an obscure dealer's shop in Milan almost twenty years ago, where it was offered for sale as a Rottenhammer! Morelli, who went with me to see it cleaned by Prof. Cavenaghi of Milan, at once identified it as Lotto's, and the ascription has never since been disputed. It is very different from Lotto's later work, but closely resembles in style his picture of "St. Jerome in a Landscape" in the Louvre. Lotto was easily influenced by painters with whom he came in contact at various periods of his life, and he changed his style in consequence with almost kaleidoscopic frequency. His pictures vary in quality from very good to very bad. He painted greater pictures than this in after life, but none more simply charming or infused with a more delicate and happy fancy. The picture has never before been reproduced. Its former history cannot be traced.





SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK.

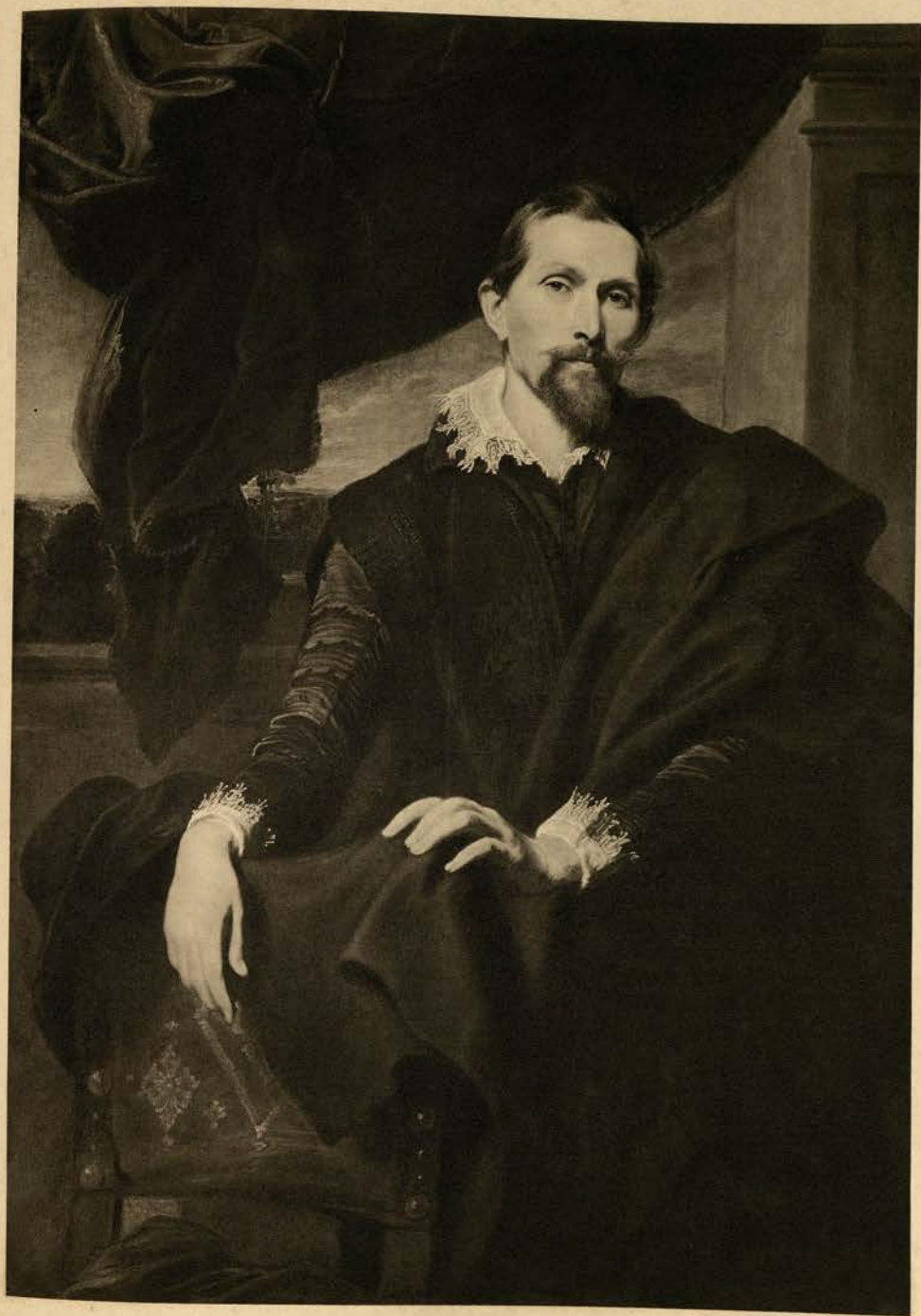
PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER SNYDERS.

(EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION.)



THE picture here so excellently reproduced was painted by Van Dyck shortly before he came to England. It belongs, therefore, to the best period of his art, when he was not overpressed by commissions and had time to finish what he undertook. At this time, indeed, it is clear that he was far from fully employed, and that he filled up his leisure by painting his friends, amongst whom Snyders stood high. At Raby Castle there is a portrait by him of Snyders and his wife; at Warwick is a portrait of the wife alone. That was painted some years before this of her husband, which, moreover, is done on a larger scale. The two pictures used to hang together in the Orleans Gallery. Another portrait of the same pair is in the Cassel Gallery; the husband's head is almost identical in it with that in Lord Carlisle's picture. At Raby Snyders

looks young and healthy; he is in the full strength of his manhood. Here he is about fifty years old, and apparently sorrow-worn. There is a grave, sad dignity in his aspect, such as appears in the well-known picture of Charles I., but seldom elsewhere in Van Dyck's portraits. The refinement they never lack is here apparent enough. It is a refinement of mind rather than of breeding in this case, the result of a life lived in a deliberate fashion rather than of a social medium into which the man was born. King Charles' picture is a contrast to it in this respect, for there high breeding is very evident. The heavy curtain in the background is rather over-prominent in the reproduction. The picture needs it as a mass of colour, not as an area of dark shadow. The composition was etched by Van Dyck himself, and the etching has been reproduced.



FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.

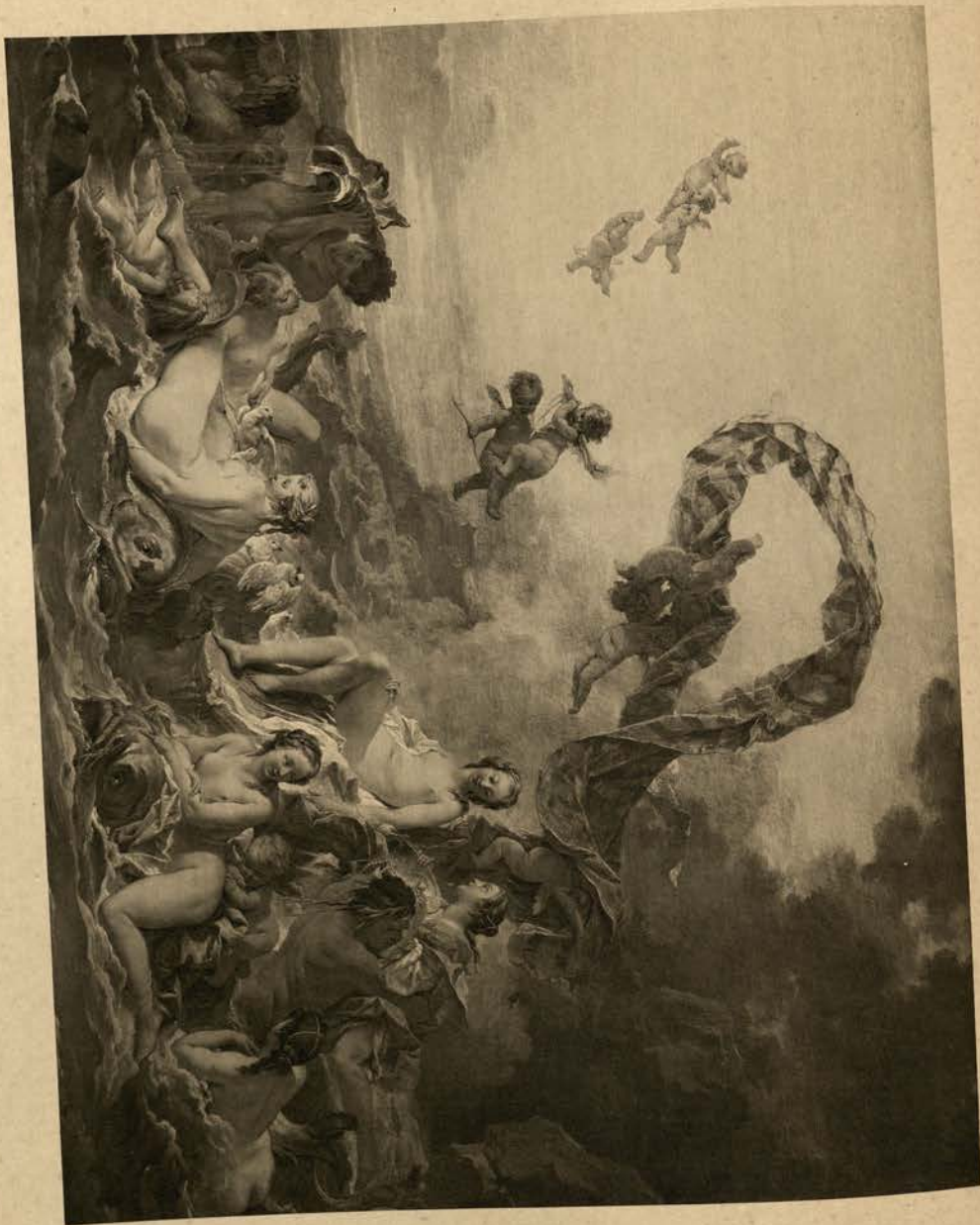
THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS

(NATIONAL MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM).



HE painter of this picture was born in Paris in 1703 and died in 1770. Diderot well says that "*l'étude des œuvres de Boucher est une promenade dans l'imaginaire,*" a kind of excursion which is not everyone's predilection. To enjoy it one must be in the right mood. Boucher and his like painted, not for the world, but for a special and exceptionally refined society. His pictures imply a definite kind of surroundings—a room, decorated in a particular style and peopled by men and women suitably attired. In their place and for their purpose such pictures are admirable, but they demand an atmosphere. The "*Triumph of Venus*" is one of Boucher's best and most highly finished works. It was exhibited in 1740, a central date in his career. The exhibition catalogue explains—what is obvious enough—that Venus is shown, newly risen from the sea with the Graces, surrounded by Tritons, Nereids, and Cupids. Several studies for this and for pictures of the same style and period are known. They prove that the work was carefully planned and conscientiously carried out, though the picture itself is alone proof enough. The Count de Tessin, Swedish

Ambassador to France, paid 1,600 livres for the canvas, and carried it home with him along with several other works by the same master and by Oudry, Chardin, and Desportes. These pictures are now amongst the principal artistic treasures of Sweden. So pleased was the Count de Tessin with his purchase that he made Boucher's acquaintance, and did him, so the gossips said, the honour to pay court to his attractive wife. With Venus and the Graces to frequent perhaps Boucher had the best of it; but the whole story is probably mere scandal. Alas! that we cannot reproduce the colouring of the picture, its wonderful blues of sky and sea, and its low strewn rose of dawn. But the forms and the light and shade, which we can render with accuracy, are enough to convey no mean idea of the grace and charm of a work essentially characteristic of the day and the place that saw it painted—a day of much artificiality and some insincerity, but of great refinement and imbued with a genuine sense of art. Almost everyone at some moment or other will be able to appreciate the charm of this picture. The peril is that they may grow to like it too much.



GIOVANNI BELLINI.

THE ASCENSION.

(BERLIN MUSEUM.)



THE important picture here reproduced is a recent acquisition of the Berlin Museum. Its ascription to Giovanni Bellini has not been unchallenged, but the tendency is to regard it as probably correct. The Museum acquired it from Count Roncalli's collection at Bergamo. Originally it adorned the church of San Michele on the Island of the Dead near Venice. It appears to have been placed there as early as 1478. Francesco Sansovino, the Venetian historian, writing in 1581, mentions it as by Giovanni Bellini, so that the ascription is of most respectable antiquity. It has, however, been called a copy by Basaiti, and given in turn to many other followers of the great master. The authorities of the Berlin Museum are clear that Bellini himself was the author of it. He painted it when most strongly under the influence of Mantegna. The Mantegnesque element in it is obvious enough, coupled with a tenderness that is as clearly Venetian. From Mantegna came the shield, the costumes of the soldiers, the structure of the rocks, and the scientific fore-

shortenings. The landscape, with its effect of dawn in the sky and upon the hills, is claimed for Bellini and compared with similar elements in other of his early works. In any case the picture possesses a potent charm and deserves to be reckoned amongst the best fifteenth century Venetian works. Just at this time, when the eyes of artists were being opened to the beauty of the world, and when beauty rather than edification was becoming the aim of art, a series of pictures were painted whose naïve simplicity and delicate grace endears them to all lovers of art. Such a picture as this stands between the old ideal of religious art and the ideal of sensuous beauty that was at hand. Behind it lie the Madonnas of Fra Angelico; ahead the Venus of Giorgione. Something of the charm of both is here incorporated. Between this picture and Lotto's earliest works there are many points of similitude. That it was a work much studied in its day is proved by the number of imitations of it that exist. Titian-himself had it in mind when he painted the work now in the Gallery at Urbino.



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

HELENA FOURMENT.

(THE HAGUE GALLERY.)



ON December 6th, 1630, Rubens, being then fifty-three years old, took to himself for his second wife, Helena Fourment, aged sixteen. She was the eleventh child of a silk-merchant, and Rubens chose her instead of some woman of noble birth, because he did not want to have a proud wife who would look down upon his art. This statement is, I believe, the only mention of her to be found in his correspondence. But if he did not write about her, he painted her again and again. Indeed he had painted her when she was only a child of ten or eleven, in one of his religious pictures. Just after their marriage he portrayed her in an astonishing picture for a man to paint of his wife, which is now in the Vienna Gallery. At Vienna is a portrait of her as a bride, and a similar bust portrait is at Amsterdam. At Munich we see the husband and young wife a year later walking in their garden. At Dulwich she appears as Mary Magdalen. At Munich and the Louvre she is more fascinatingly represented as a mother with her babes about her. Rubens' first wife, Isabella Brandt, is never treated in her husband's

pictures with the freedom which he used with his second. For Isabella he seems to have had more respect. Helena was a person to be dressed up, a toy to be played with, a beautiful possession to be displayed. The florid type of beauty which Rubens admired was not derived from Helena, but she perfectly matched it. Rubens had painted the type for years before Helena was in existence. In marrying her he married someone who outwardly realised his ideal. The picture here reproduced is a skilful and florid example of portraiture such as only Rubens ever successfully produced. It shows the lady, not at her loveliest by any means, but as Rubens liked to see her. There is a similar portrait of her at Munich, in which she wears the same hat, but turns towards the right, and is dressed in another sumptuous garment with a jewelled bodice. Evidently she was a good-tempered person, willing to be dressed in fine clothes, to wear all the jewelry her husband liked to put upon her, and to smile and sit for her portrait whenever he liked. She preserved her good looks as long as he lived, and seems to have made his home a happy one.







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